THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821
THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 70. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 734 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 3

A DAISY OR TWO.

BY E. NESBIT.

I hear sweet music, rich gowns I wear,
I live in splendor and state;
But I'd give it all to be young once more,
And steal through the old low-lintelled door,
To watch at the orchard gate.

There are flowers by thousands these ball-rooms bear,
Fair blossoms, wondrous and new;
But all the flowers that a hot-house grows
I would give for the scent of a certain rose
That a cottage garden grew!

Oh, diamonds that sparkle on bosom and hair,
Oh, rubies that glimmer and glow—
I am tired of my bargain and tired of you!
I would give you all for a daisy or two
From a little grave I know.

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE impression on the mind of Cuthbert Iredell that he had met the stranger before was only momentary, and the elder man recovered his self-possession immediately, and was conversing affably enough, though the expression of his face belied his manner.

He had doubtless been handsome in his youth—in fact, his military looking white moustache and closely cut white hair were prepossessing, and gave him an air of great distinction; but it was an ill-tempered face, to Cuthbert it seemed worse—a treacherous face.

The unpleasant feeling that it was familiar to him would not be subdued; even the voice did not seem to him quite a strange voice.

He answered politely the few general remarks addressed to him, and then turned away, intent on finding Olive, with whom he had parted company at the last field.

She was conversing eagerly with a handsome young Squire, with that marvellous knack she possessed of seeming to give a man her full attention when really her eyes and ears were intent upon some other object.

That other object on this occasion was Sir Charles Mauleverer.

Miss Phelps had lingered, and he had gone back to fetch her. They were now riding slowly up the lane together, red coat and black habit now visible, now disappearing behind a clump of trees.

There was no excuse for Cuthbert to go up and break in upon a seemingly interesting conversation, so he eyed Miss Pierrepoint from afar in discontented silence.

Just before were two gentlemen whose backs were towards him, and as he sat staring absently at the ears of Wildfire, whose exuberant spirits had been toned down by the hard run, he heard a fragment of their conversation.

"Splendid rider, anyhow," said one.

"Never saw a better seat in my life," returned the other. "Give that man a good horse, and he'd lead any field, I do believe."

"Looks a gentleman, too. I can't believe what you say, though. 'Tisn't such a very uncommon name."

Iredell smiled, wondering what nicely-seasoned piece of country gossip was tacked on to the anonymous subject of their discourse.

"Well, I never knew any one else of the name, and the story is quite true—it was told me by the Earl himself. Old Cumnor left a will which disinherited his son and gave the estate to his nephew. The will was discovered to be a forgery and the work of the nephew himself. His wife taxed him with it, and, when he found the game was up, he went out and destroyed himself. At the inquest they brought it in murder by some person or persons unknown—there was no motive for suicide, as the widow suppressed the fact of her interview with him until afterwards. It made a great sensation at the time, for Iredell was a man deeply respected in his regiment."

"Iredell!" The perspiration broke upon Cuthbert's forehead as he listened. What—was the subject of this scandal? Was the forger and suicide of the story his father? Merciful heavens, he was the son of a man who had been publicly disgraced.

Oh, no; the thing was impossible. The father whom he remembered, the tall, gentle, courteous man of his childish memory—how could he associate the picture with anything like shame?

His first impulse was to ride forward and call upon the scandalmonger to make good his statement: but almost at the same moment came an awful feeling of helplessness—the reflection that he knew nothing about his father, that he had been kept in systematic ignorance of how he lived and died.

Bitterly the listener bewailed the heedless folly of the past few days.

He might have found out everything, and he had not troubled to do so.

Now his own impotence almost maddened him.

It seemed to him as if the last few moments had altered the current of his whole life.

The wide gray English winter landscape, the group of gay faces, the merry social chatter, now seemed things in which he had no part.

He was an outcast—the son of a disgraced man.

Three hours ago he had thought he was tired of life, willing to resign "this pleasing anxious" being without a regret; now he was desperate.

That Wildfire should break his neck for him seemed the most suitable way out of the difficulty.

Of what use was life to him—a life which had always, though he had not known it, been under a ban?

After the first awful moment, it did not occur to him to doubt the truth of what he had overheard; joined to his mother's strange silence and agitation, to the secluded boyhood he had passed, it seemed to carry conviction with it.

Just as he was writhing in the throes of his bitterness and mortification the hounds gave tongue.

Then came the welcome "Hallo!" of the huntsman, the loud "Stole away!" which set every one in motion in a moment.

Wildfire started forward and Iredell recklessly gave him his head. It was neck or nothing with him now. Like a meteor he shot past rider after rider till the whole field labored behind him and he found it difficult to maintain his self-control. He set his teeth.

This was what he liked—what suited him exactly at the moment.

Presently he caught sight of a few of the hunters who, having a better knowledge of the country than he, and marking Reynard's course, had taken a short cut and were entering the field through a gate to his left.

Foremost of these was Sir Charles Mauleverer, who reined in his horse, forced into a reluctant admiration of Iredell's daring.

"Well ridden!" he cried. "But just a word to you, Mr. Iredell. The fox has gone past Deadman's Gully. "It's a big leap, and Wildfire won't manage it. You can get across the hurdles lower down—but don't attempt that gully!"

"Thanks!" exclaimed Iredell, a strange excitement at his heart.

On he went, unmindful of his course, unmindful of anything but the speckled backs of the pack as they ran along in a compact mass before him.

At last, mounting a high ridge, a long jagged cleft was visible far away beneath him, a dark wide rift bordered with tufts of grass and weeds. Deadman's Gully, without a doubt!

"Now for it!" he thought.

He was desperate, reckless—he must do something—leap the Deadman's Gully or die.

He headed Wildfire straight for it. Down the hill rushed horse and rider like a whirlwind.

Just as they reached the bottom, he heard a cry from behind him—a girl's voice—a voice which was bravely controlled, but full of terror.

"Turn your horse; if it leaps the gully, mine will follow it! I cannot stop him; I shall be killed."

Iredell heard the cry, and, turning his head, saw that the girl behind him had lost all control over the animal she rode.

She was deathly pale, but self possessed, her face set as she contemplated the ghastly fate before her.

Now indeed he must be prompt, or two lives were as good as lost, and with a sudden feeling of horror, he turned, his hold on the reins tightening as he glanced forward.

But, alas! Wildfire was mad; he meant to leap the gully, and nothing would stop him!

The cry had come too late—they were on the brink of the chasm.

Iredell realized that to check the brute's course now, to throw him back on his haunches at the very point of leaping, would only mean death.

"Too late! I cannot turn him!" he tried to cry, but in vain.

Almost before he could even realise what had happened, he felt the horse prepare to take the ghastly leap, and then despair seized him and he shut his eyes.

There was one agonizing heart beat, a moment in which death seemed very near and the desire to live rushed in in his breast.

Then he felt again the thud of Wildfire's hoofs on the turf—Deadman's Gully was safely spanned, and the horse was preparing to dash forward once more.

Collecting himself with a mighty effort—for his heart almost failed him and his head reeled—he reined in the horse with all his strength—reined him in with imprecations in a voice which seemed strangely unlike his own.

He turned in an agony of expectation just in time to see a pretty brown mare spring in the air, to see the horrible expression of ghastly hopelessness on the girl's face, to hear the one cry which broke from her lips as the horse jumped short, struggled wildly a moment with its hoofs on the brink, and then vanished with its rider from view.

The next moment Cuthbert was on the ground.

His limbs were shaking with remorseful horror such as he had never known.

He hesitated to look down the ghastly chasm, not knowing what horrible sight might meet his gaze.

But the glance was one of relief.

The girl had fallen clear, and was lying, an inert mass, on a piece of turf half-way down the gully.

The poor mare, terribly mutilated, had rolled to the very bottom, and lay snorting and struggling in agony.

Even that dreadful moment the thought crossed Cuthbert's mind—"Clever girl! She must have freed her foot from the stirrup when she saw her danger."

It was an easy task to climb down to where she was lying, to lift her up, to lay her down on her back, loosen her habit at the throat, and remove her hat.

There was a little water at the bottom of the hollow, and he had a brandy flask in his pocket.

As soon as he ascertained that her heart still beat, he applied a handkerchief soaked in water to her forehead and moistened her lips with brandy.

Was she seriously hurt?

There were no signs of blood, but her terrible stillness freightened him.

It was all his own fault.

He would insist on riding a horse he could not control.

If this poor girl's life had been wrecked by him——

The thought was unbearable.

He dared not carry her up the ravine—he was afraid of some internal injury which might be aggravated by such rough treatment.

Neither did he dare to leave her to call for help, for the horse was not dead, and he feared lest, in its frantic struggles, it might reach the place where she lay.

He waited in a state of misery such as he had never experienced.

Far away he could hear the shouts and barks of exultation which proclaimed that the hounds were killing the fox, and it seemed to him, even in the midst of his remorse, rather hard, having leaped that awful chasm, that he was not in at the death. He had not even the consolation of holding a pretty girl in his arms.

The head which lay helplessly back against his rough coat was not a pretty head at all.

The girl had red hair—not dark red—hair that could not possibly be mistaken for auburn.

An artist might perhaps called it ruddy gold; but Iredell hated red haired women.

The face was small and pale, the nose rather short and slightly freckled; the lips were almost blue and drawn with pain, the eyebrows thickly marked — very dark brown, but with a tinge of the objectionable red about them; and the long eyelashes were of the same color.

He started helplessly and ruefully at her.

He was afraid she was dying, and, as a last despairing measure, poured some of the brandy between her parted lips.

After another moment of keen suspense, he was greatly relieved at her heaving a long drawn sigh.

He raised her head and applied cold water to her brow, which seemed to ease the poor girl slightly; her face assumed a less deathlike hue, and her rigid features relaxed.

"I wonder who she is?" he speculated. "Married or not? Should say 'Not.' The sort of girl who wouldn't marry. I am awfully sorry for her, poor little thing! I am afraid it's broken her ribs, and only hope there's no internal mischief as well. If only some one would come. Suppose the poor child recovers consciousness and dies with no one near but a complete stranger? I would give ten years of my life if only some one would come."

Even as the frantic wish crossed his mind mind the girl stirred in his arms, gave a a faint cry of pain, and then lay still, her ruddy gold hair streaming over his arm and knee, her face white with the wierd pallor of death.

CHAPTER VIII.

In at the death!

Success and triumph flushed Olive Pier-

repoint's handsome face as she drew bridle at last in the open, where poor Reynard had breathed his last.

A brilliant smile beamed in her eyes and curved her expressive lips as, grasping her reins in her left hand, she raised her right to study her coquettish hat and glanced at Sir Charles, who was at her elbow, his bold blue eyes full of admiration.

"Isn't it just splendid!" she cried musically.

Sir Charles gazed ardently at the graceful lithe figure so perfectly poised in the saddle.

He was dangerously in love with Olive, hovering on the very brink of a passion which he had considered himself proof against.

He did not mean to marry her; he meant to marry some nobly-born girl with a position in society—a woman with a character unlike Miss Pierrepoint's in many respects.

He would marry no daring flirt, no intrepid follower of the hounds, no woman who disregarded *les convenances*. He was determined that the future lady of Maulever should be the very ideal of propriety, a girl who knew how to support her own dignity, yet gentle and yielding; who was merry at times, but never boisterous; who could entertain her husband's guests, yet love her own fireside and nursery.

He had even given a name to his ideal; he had called her Janet Phelps.

But since the appearance of Miss Pierrepoint the pleasing image had faded and grown to be stale and wearisome.

The idea of committing himself by a definite proposal to Miss Phelps was every day growing more distasteful, and every day the siren voice was bewitching him, drawing him nearer and nearer.

His eyes lingered long upon her as she smiled at him.

"Is there anything like the exhilaration of a good run?" she cried.

"Nothing, to judge by your face," he answered, hardly knowing what he said, as his eyes met hers.

"I have enjoyed it so," she cried brightly; "and I am proud of having lasted out and—— Why, where is Mr. Iredell?"—looking around in sudden surprise and some alarm.

"He is here somewhere," said Maulever sourly. "I passed him a little way back looking as if he was riding to win."

"And on that brute! Where is he? I don't see him," she exclaimed nervously. "Is that he with his back to us? No, that's young Raikes. Mr. Iredell is not here Sir Charles."

"I am not Mr. Iredell's keeper. I could not insist on his being forthcoming, I assure you."

"He must be all right," she said, as if to reassure herself, turning in her saddle and anxiously scanning the landscape. "Such a plucky rider, I am sure he must be all right. But why did you let him ride that beast?"

"It was his own doing. I was in no hurry to implore him to accept my best mount. If he has lamed Wildfire I can tell you I shall be anything but delighted."

"Lamed him — a fine horseman like that!" she laughed contemptuously; but the words died away on her lips, for just then there was a slight commotion among the huntsmen, the sound of galloping hoofs was heard, and Wildfire dashed into the amazed circle, sound in wind and limb, but without rider.

Olive uttered a faint cry, and Sir Charles turned upon her a look of mingled triumph and repentance.

It had happened as he had predicted—the horse had proved too much for Iredell; but of course he did not exactly wish his rival's death, and felt uneasy at the idea of serious mischief.

"Lay hold of that brute, can't you!" he cried to one of his grooms; and, as soon as he saw that the horse was secure, he turned to Miss Pierrepoint and said simply, "I will ride back and look for him."

"I shall come with you," she said trembling. "I must know the worst. Oh, what shall I say to his mother? He is all that she has."

The Baronet did not oppose her, but called to one or two of his men to follow him.

Every one's attention had been aroused by the sudden arrival of the riderless horse and excited comments were exchanged.

"That tall dark young man that led the field right up to the chalk-pits?" cried Mrs. Phelps. "Why, when last I saw him, he was riding with Mr. Cumnor's daughter! Where is Miss Cumnor?"

"She is not here, mamma," said Janet. "She fell behind a good way back; but I think she all right. She was with the Prescotts and the Lewesses."

"My daughter? Is she behind, do you say?" asked the old man with the handsome unpleasant face who had accosted Cuthbert. "I'll ride back with you if you're going that way. She's a plucky little girl; but she and her horse did not seem on very good terms to-day. No offence to your mount, Phelps!"

Accordingly he turned his horse and rode beside Miss Pierrepoint and the Baronet, much to the annoyance of Sir Charles to whom he was a complete stranger, having; in fact, merely come with his daughter from a remote country to spend a few days with the Phelps family and get a little hunting.

"Which way had we better go?" What can he have done?" asked Olive despairingly.

"I know what he has done, leaped Deadman's Gully," answered the Baronet, in a whisper.

"Sir Charles!" she gasped, in a tone of terror.

"But, if he did, how in the world did he avoid laming Wildfire?" queried Sir Charles. "Anyhow, we will ride straight for the gully. We shall soon see."

It seemed to Cuthbert as if years had elapsed when at last he heard the approaching horses and, glancing up, saw the horrified faces of the M. F. H., Olive, and the stranger gazing down upon him.

"For pity's sake get a hurdle," he said, "and come here directly! I'm afraid it's all over with the young lady, though."

"All over with her, sir? It can't be! I tell you it can't be! I'm her father!" cried the stranger, in a tone of keen anguish. "Make way there! How did it happen? She would never have attempted a leap like that! My darling, my child! Great heavens she can't be past help! A five-pound note to the man that brings a doctor the quickest, and another for a hurdle!"

By this time he had sprung from his horse and make his way in frantic haste to where Iredell crouched with his helpless burden.

"How did it happen? Were you here, sir? Did you see her fall?"

"I did," replied Iredell simply. "She had the presence of mind to take her foot out of the stirrup, and so fell clear of her horse. I have done what I could for her."

He laid the motionless girl down upon the brown and weather-beaten grass, and the frantic father tore open her habit, and held first his hand, then his ear to her heart.

"She is not dead!" he cried at last, raising his livid face. "There is a pulsation—faint, but still a pulsation. Oh, for mercy sake, where is the nearest house? Have they got a hurdle? She must be moved out of the cold; she must be attended to at once!"

Two of the huntsmen had now come up.

They had torn down a hurdle and laid some coats upon it, and Iredell and Mr. Cumnor raised the inanimate girl and laid her upon the roughly-improvised couch.

"The nearest house is Crick's farm, sir, not five minutes away across the field yonder," said one the men.

"Lead on then!" urged the old man, as he followed the little procession.

"You will excuse me," said Sir Charles to Olive; "I must ride on, catch up Mrs. Phelps, and take her to Crick's farm. I have sent a man on a fast horse for Jefferson; he will be here in twenty minutes." He turned as if to go, but lingered a moment, and, curiosity getting the better of him, asked abruptly, "How did it happen, Mr. Iredell?"

Cuthbert, who was standing with folded arms, as if in a reverie, started.

"Sir Charles, I—I beg your pardon. By Jove, where is Wildfire? I forgot all about him."

"Wildfire is safe enough. He determined to be in at the death, and so he was. Did he leap the gully?"

"Magnificently; but that poor girl was just behind me. She could not hold in her horse, and it followed mine. Of course the result was a cropper. I was obliged to stay and look after her; I forgot all about Wildfire!"

"No wonder!" said Charles, with reluctant admiration. "Well, I must be off! How will you get home? You had better take one of the huntsmen's horses."

"Thanks; you are very good! I think I will."

Maulever rode off, leaving Cuthbert standing as if in anxious thought. A light touch on the shoulder made him look up. It was that of Miss Pierrepoint's riding whip, and she was looking at him very earnestly.

"Mr. Iredell," she said, "do let me tell how thankful I am that you are safe! You gave me a terrible fright, though."

"A fright?"

"Yes, indeed; when Wildfire dashed in amongst us all without his rider, I was in agony, wondering how I should break it to your mother."

"To my mother?" he echoed, as if he did not understand her.

"Yes. But of course I might have known you would be safe!"

"What do you mean?"

"That pin!" she replied, laughing. "Have you forgotten it? Of course it brought you luck! That alone saved you from being deposited at the bottom of the gully like that poor girl. I shall always believe in lucky pins henceforth."

Cuthbert felt dazed as he turned away to his horse.

He who had longed for death, he who was almost guilty of attempting to destroy his own life, he was alive and sound, while that poor little girl, for whom life was probably nothing but sunshine, was lying either dying or fatally injured, struck down by no fault of her own.

Such was his bitter reflection as he absently altered the buckle of his stirrups before mounting.

Suddenly Squire Phelps galloped up to him and drew bridle at his side.

"I wish to thank you—a—— May I know whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

Iredell's face flushed, and he fixed his eyes obstinately upon the refractory buckle as he answered—

"My name is Walrond."

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Walrond—or Captian Walrond?"

"I am not in the army."

"Ah, exactly—no! But I wished most particular to thank you, Mr. Walrond, for your kindness and the help you rendered to my young guest Miss Cumnor."

"Miss—what do you say her name is?" asked Iredell quickly.

"Miss Cumnor. The Cumnors of Carolside— you have heard of them perhaps—you know them?"

The sardonic curve of Iredell's lips was invisible under his moustache as he replied—

"No, I do not know them."

"Old friends of mine," said the Squire pleasantly; "but we have not met for years—they live in such a distant part of the country. Mr. Cumnor particularly wished to know the name of the gentleman to whom he was so indebted."

"Mr. Cumnor is indebted to me for nothing."

"You are modest, Mr. Walrond; but what will not lessen my friend's sense of obligation to you. He asked me to give you his card, to convey to you his fervent thanks, and to beg the favor of your name and address."

Cuthbert took his card mechanically between his fingers.

"My name I have given you," he said quietly. "As to my address, I am a rolling stone at present, and intend remaining only a short time in this neighborhood; I have therefore no address that I can give Mr.—— your friend. But I repeat that he is under no obligation to me. Had I not been foolhardy enough to attempt that leap, his daughter would be safe now. Her horse followed mine. I wish for no thanks where I feel that I deserve none." So saying, he vaulted into the saddle and raised his hat to Mr. Phelps. "Good day to you," he added, and turned away.

"A conceited fellow who wants to play the mysterious stranger!" muttered the Squire. "If I were in Cumnor's place, I'd think no more of him. I wonder if he has heard what a pot of money little Ivy is worth?"

Olive looked searchingly into Iredell's dark and moody face as rode up to where she waited.

"Why did you give Squire Phelps your Colonial name?" she asked.

"I did not wish him to know my other name."

"It was rather imprudent—you place me and your other friends in an awkward position by assuming an *alias*."

"I am very sorry, Miss Pierrepoint—I had a reason for what I did. I am afraid you must think me a mannerless backwoodsman."

"No, indeed. I only think you are a very mysterious person, and, for that reason, interesting."

"Interesting!" he repeated with a bitter laugh. "Most women in your position would think a penniless good-for-nothing rather interested than interesting."

"How dare you say such a thing to me?" she exclaimed.

"You are over-wrought, and no wonder. One does not go lightly through such scenes as we have witnessed to-day. You must talk no more, but ride home quickly. Mrs. Iredell is a born nurse, and will soon charm away that terrible headache which I know you are suffering from."

"How can you know it?" he asked, smiling.

"I am a woman; I can see it. I shall not say another word to you till we are at home."

Miss Pierrepoint kept her word; she uttered no further remark on the homeward ride.

In complete silence he rode by her side, a position which half a dozen men in the hunting-field that day would have given almost anything to occupy.

A man who made no effort to be agreeable was such a novelty to Olive that she thoroughly enjoyed the situation and could think of nothing but Cuthbert Iredell.

As for him, he sprang from his horse at the Nunnery door with the air of a man who has a definite point in view.

He lifted Olive from her saddle almost unconsciously, flung down cap and whip in the hall, and ascended the stairs to his mother's morning room.

Mrs. Iredell was seated in a great arm chair before a clear and glowing fire. Her little dog lay on the rug; the tea tray was at her elbow; her novel was resting on her knees among the folds of her soft thick gown. Her rest was suddenly disturbed by the abrupt entrance of her son.

"Cuthbert," she cried drowsily, "dear boy, have you come back? Cuthbert," more sharply, "what are you doing?"

He had locked the door behind him with a sharp click.

Now he advanced towards the circle of subdued light by the hearth and pulled the rose colored shade of the lamp, which shed a more vivid lustre than Mrs. Iredell cared for over the surrounding objects in the room.

Then he turned to his mother, his face ashy pale and expressing keen emotion, a face which made her heart beat fast and her breath come quickly.

He stood before her, towering over her, impressing her with a sense of her impotence.

"Mother" he said firmly, "I desire you to give me, here and now, a full account of my father and the circumstances of his life and death."

CHAPTER IX.

CUTHBERT, what do you mean? You frighten me!" gasped Mrs. Iredell, putting up both her hands as if to shut out the sight of his angry face.

"I am sorry, I don't wish to frighten you; I wish only to learn the truth. I've been scared to day mother," he pushed the damp hair from his forehead with his hot hand, "scared as I never was scared out West in all my days of privation and adventure, and by what, think you? Just by a breath of poisonous rumo-s—a rumor which I was powerless to contradict because of my total ignorance on the point where I should be best informed—a rumor about my—father!"

Cuthbert's mother glanced up at him piteously, then hid her pale face in her hands and remained silent.

"Have you too heard these slanderous reports?" he asked, in a tone that almost terrified his mother. "Did they dare circulate such reports at the time of—his death? Answer me!"

"Yes, Bertie," she answered softly, using the pet name of his childhood for the first time for many years. "It was not county talk only then; all England was ringing with it."

"All England ringing with my father's shame, and he no longer alive to defend his honor, and his only son a feeble infant, unable to strike one blow on his behalf. Oh, mother, why did you bring me up in ignorance of all this—why did you tell me so many lies about my father?"

"For the best—I did it for the best! Your uncle, my brother, was alive then, and he advised me to do so. He said, if you grew up, knowing yourself to be the son of a man disgraced ——"

"Disgraced? Slandered you mean!" he cried; and the words sounded like a cry for mercy.

His mother made no answer, and, in the dead silence which fell between them, the busy ticking of the little carriage clocks was distinctly audible.

Presently Iredell stirred a little, and carefully altered the position of a china shepherdess on the mantelpiece.

"Do you mean to say," he asked in a strained, harsh voice, "that you believe these spiteful reports are true?"

She hesitated before she answered.

"There is no room for doubt, Bertie. It

was found to be true. Your father was—a forger!"

"My father—a forger!" he echoed. "I do not believe it!"

She raised her face and looked up at him.

"You do not know what you are talking about," she said. "Do you think there was room for doubt? Do you think I would have lived all these years under a ban on the strength of a mere supposition?"

"I do not know. That is what I have heard until I am tired of it," he cried. "I will know it! Mother, begin at the very beginning and tell me everything."

"I will, I will, my darling boy! I know I should have done it before. But, oh, it is hard to speak of it! You must think what a humiliation it is for me!"

He sank impatiently into a chair and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Go on," he said, "beging at the very beginning. Tell me how and where you met my father. I was always told that he was a clergyman and died of consumption."

"He was a Colonel in the army," she began, with a long sigh, "and I met him at Brighton."

"How did the meeting come about? What was my father like?"

"My brother James and I were orphans and very poor. I was placed at a school in Brighton, where I had lessons in French, and so on, free of charge, on condition of my teaching the younger children to read and write. James had no home of his own he was living in rooms in London, and he could not have me home for the holidays, I spent the summer vacation alone at school in company with a deaf old German mistress and two servants.

"I was only sixteen and very miserable. I used to hire a novel from a neighboring bookseller for twopence, and take it out on to the bench to read. One day I was very happy indeed and the the happiness of the heroine in my novel had filled me with the passionate longing for love and a happy home. I flung away the book and sobbed and cried, hiding my face in my hands. Presently I glanced up and saw a gentleman standing near me, looking down at me very kindly.

"He was—oh, so like you, Cuthbert—so very like you! He asked me why I was so unhappy, and sitting down beside me, proceeded to comfort me. I told him all my misery, and how lonely I was, and how my brother was not able to have me with him. He listened gravely and kindly. He did not seem to me very young, he was more than twice my age, so I spoke to him freely, and was very confiding indeed. He said he was staying in Brighton, and should like to try to give me a little pleasure; but he would not do so without first asking my brother's consent, as we must have no secrets from him. So he asked for Jem's address, and wrote it in his pocket-book, and escorted me home to the gate of the school, where he left me with a grave bow.

"The next day was wet, and I did not go out; but just before luncheon there came a basket of grapes and a bunch of roses for me, and a little volume of Tennyson's poetry, with my name written on the fly-leaf, 'Grace Lynn.' The next morning came a letter from Jem, saying that Colonel Iredell had written a letter to him stating that he had slightly known our father, the Reverend James Lynn, and would like permission to take me out and be kind to me, which permission Jem was not slow to grant.

The world seemed such a different one after that! I woke up the next morning in great glee, I remember it now, the perfect delight of that awakening, looking forward to a day of unknown pleasures. At about noon Colonel Iredell called and said he would take me to luncheon with his friends at whose house he was staying—General and Lady Ann Verey. The only thing which marred my pleasure was the consciousness of my shabby clothes. I remember gazing ruefully at my clean white cotton dress and at the straw hat which the sun had treated so badly.

"But my new friend did not seem to notice my short comings at all; he looked at me as if my appearance pleased him, and as we walked along he talked to me and asked me if I had read the little volume of Tennyson. The Vereys were very kind to me, and I remember vividly my delight at the sight of their luxurious rooms and sumptuous luncheon. That afternoon I unintentionally overheard a conversation about myself. There was a large dark double drawing room at the Vereys, and when it was time for me to go, I went into the farther room to put on my hat, which I had left there. Colonel Iredell thought I had gone out of the room, and he said to Lady Ann.

"'Well, what do you think of her? Did I exaggerate?' 'She is positively charming,' was the warm reply; 'but take care, Colonel, that you don't fall in love with your beautiful little protege!' 'I am more than half inclined,' said the Colonel 'to think I have done so already.'

"At that point I made a rustling noise and dropped my umbrella upon the ground to make them aware of my presence. Six weeks after that we were married."

Mrs. Iredell paused, and Cuthbert laughed satirically.

"All that you have told me chimes in well with the idea of forgery!" he said. "Why, the man was the very soul of honor! I wonder how many men would have acted so in his place! And you—you loved him, I suppose?"

"Yes, I loved him—but not as he loved me. There was so great a difference in our ages, Cuthbert. I did not really care for Tennyson, though I said I did to please him. He thought he could form my mind; I thought I had been married to allow of my doing as I pleased—and what I pleased at that stage of my existence was to amuse myself. He was very happy all the honeymoon, I am sure. I was a little afraid of him, and very docile and obedient. We went to Paris, and he there introduced me to a number of his friends—among others, Gervase Cumnor. He was very handsome—in my life I never saw any one so fascinating. I could not help liking to talk to him, and I soon saw that, though he and my husband evidently disliked each other for some reason, and he admired me greatly."

As Mrs. Iredell plaintively gave utterance to this sentiment, her son bit his lips with rage, his fingers clenching the piece of cardboard he still held with its neatly-engraved characters—"Mr. Gervase Cumnor, Caroloide, Lavemead, Devon—Belgravia Club."

"Did you speak, Cuthbert?"

"No, mother—go on."

"As I was saying," continued Mrs. Iredell, "we had a very pleasant honeymoon. When we had been abroad three months, we came home to Caroloide for Christmas. Now, Cuthbert, I do not wish to blame your father in any way, but I do approve of confidence between husband and wife. My husband, I suppose, thought me a baby, and he never told me things which I certainly ought to have known. He should not have left it to Gervase Cumnor to tell me that Cuthbert was not really the heir of Caroloide, but that it was left to him only by the eccentricity of old Mr. Cumnor's will."

"My father never told you that?"

"No."

"And you heard it from this—from Cumnor?"

"Yes."

"Was it true?"

"Of course it was true!"

"Did my father admit that it was?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Go on! How did Cumnor go to Caroloide?"

"Dear me, that was a long time after. We had on such a gay winter at Caroloide that first Christmas. We had so many invitations, and I had such beautiful gowns, and I grew taller, and every one paid me compliments! Had I been single then instead of married, I might have had almost any one," observed Mrs. Iredell very meditatively.

Cuthbert gazed at her in wonder. This was his mother.

"I am sure it did the Colonel good, she resumed; "it stirred him up so! I would not allow him to mope over the fire as he used to want to do—Darby and Joan—just I and he! I kept Caroloide full of visitors, and he used to be so proud of me at the head of my own table! And after Easter we gave a grand ball, and he and I had our first tiff because he forbade me to dance, and locked him out of my room and was very cross, and at last he begged my pardon—we were happy again. It was very horrid though, having to stay down at Caroloide all the autumn; but I was obliged to do so, for you were born in August, and I was very ill indeed. The doctor said I had over exerted myself; but I know it was all those autumn chills—it was such a damp house! I was not fit to be moved till the end of October, and then your father took me to the Riviera for the winter. He was very good to me; and, oh, how proud he was of you! What a grand christening there was! And General Verey and Sir Hugh Walrond were your sponsors, and altogether such a fuss was made with you! I would have you called after your father, and it pleased him very much; but, if 'Cuthbert' had not been a pretty name, I should not have chosen it. Well, time went one, and I had a season in London, and went out a great deal and enjoyed myself; and at last, when you were nearly four years old, Gervase Cumnor, who had been in America, came back, and your father asked him to come down to Caroloide in the autumn for the shooting. I was very pleased, for he was handsomer than ever, and he was my slave—always at my side. Your father did not wish to ask him, but he told me it was his duty; so he came that autumn, and I remember when he arrived, Cuthbert he was out with you on your pony—he was teaching you to ride—and Gervase and I stood on the large, stone steps and watched you come up the drive together."

As Mrs. Iredell spoke, it seemed to her son as if the mists of years rolled away for a moment, and he saw far back into the days of his childhood.

He saw a black pony with a little boy seated upon it, a child whose dark curls fell about his neck in picturesque profusion.

By the pony's side ran a tall man, still young, his dark eyes flushed, his lips smiling under his sombre moustache, his arms placed protecting round the slim form of the boy as the pony trotted briskly towards a large gray house.

On the steps of the house he saw the slight figure of a beautiful young girl in a crimson dress, and at her side was a man—a strange man—who never moved or smiled when father lifted his little son from the pony and held him out in greeting; and at the sight of the handsome cruel face an intuitive feeling of repugnance came over the child.

He laid his face against his father's breast and burst into tears.

So vividly did that scene come before Cuthbert's mind that he started. He could remember nothing before, nothing after; only that scene remained as if photographed upon his memory; and he knew why it was that the face of Gervase Cumnor seemed familiar to him when he saw it that morning in the hunting field.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THUMB AUTOGRAPHS.—Two men of science in two different countries—Mr. Francis Galton in England and M. Bertillon in France—have lately recommended a means of identification which policemen and detectives, with all their ingenuity, seem never to have employed.

These gentlemen have observed that the human thumb, dipped in ink, in blood, in black-lead, or in any other loose adhering substance, and pressed upon a sheet of paper, leaves a mark which is perfectly characteristic of the individual. Mr. Galton has remarked that no two persons' thumbs make the same mark; the lines and depressions in the skin, which make a series of wave lines when pressed upon paper, are never the same in two different individuals.

It is urged that this fact would be of very great value in the administration of justice, because a criminal's thumb mark would be a sure means of identifying him, no matter what disguise he might assume.

If a business man wishes to make use of a signature which it is quite impossible to forge or counterfeit, he has only to dip his thumb in the ink bottle and make a mark with it in connection with his written name.

No other thumb will make the same mark and it would be practically impossible for any one to imitate this new kind of "autograph" with a pen or other mechanical means. The experiment with the thumb mark may be made by any one who will take a knife blade, hold it over a lamp until it is black with smoke, allow it to cool, apply the thumb to the black surface, and then press upon a slightly sticky bit of paper, such as the back of a postage stamp. Examined with a magnifying glass, the differences in the thumb marks of different individuals come out very strongly. According Mr. Galton, thumbs run in family groups, dividing themselves, as it were, into seven or eight distinct types or grand divisions; but within these divisions the differences are so marked as to leave no chance for confusion.

THE human family living to day consists of about 1,450 000 000 individuals. In Asia, where man was first planted, there are now about 800 000 000 on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320 000-000, averaging 100 to the square mile. In Africa there are 210 000 000. In America, North and South, there are 111 000 000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the Islands, large and small, probably 10,000,-000

CONTENT is the true philosophers' stone,

Bric-a-Brac.

UMBRELLAS.—The Corean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in general shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper, and is worn on the head over the hat.

LIBERTY.—When making a progress of his kingdom, Louis XIV. was told at Rouen that one of the inhabitants, a man seventy years old, had never been within the bounds of the city. The man was called before the King, and, being poor, a pension was given him on the following condition—that he should forfeit the pension if ever he set foot out of the city. The man however, did not continue long at ease. Love of liberty prevailed over habit; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

AGE OF TREES.—It is by no means certain that the rings of a tree, each of which is supposed to be one season's outward increase, are a safe guide to its age; for it is found that not only the rings are thicker or thinner according to the character of the season during which they were formed, but also that during sudden spells of cold weather, or, at high altitudes, of frost, there may be stoppages of growth two or three time in a season. In such a case the supposed year's growth will be represented by several thin rings, some of which may have been formed in months instead of years.

CROW SUPERSTITIONS.—There are few people who have not heard of crows that "one is unlucky, two are lucky; three mean health, four wealth, five sickness, six death." The unluckiness of one living crow is of ancient date, since the Greeks believed that if such a bird "apparitioned" at a wedding breakfast there would be a divorce, and to avert this all present roared out, "Maiden scare away the crow!" But of a far greater antiquity was the belief that if the one crow were dead the evil potent also perished; since it signified a very long life, according to what Hesiod tells us, as quoted by Plutarch—Oracles—that the crow lives nine times as long as a man.

MEDICAL AID IN RUSSIA.—In rural districts in Russia, where the population is very scattered and towns are a long distance apart, it is impossible to obtain medical aid except on rare occasions and after a long delay. Provision is however made for attendance in minor cases, and for what might be called first aid, in serious ones, by the distribution of partially educated men, denominated feldshers, or feldscheers in the villages. The feldsher acts under the orders of a doctor who has charge of the district, and in serious cases summons his principal. The feldsher is a man who has had some training, usually in a special training school, and in military hospitals, as a kind of a hospital serjeant.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SPITEFUL.—In the middle ages malice and superstition found expression in the formation of wax images of hated persons, into the bodies of which long pins were stuck. It was confidently believed that in that way deadly injury would be done to the person represented. This belief and practice continued down to the seventeenth century. The superstition, indeed, still holds its place in the Highlands of Scotland, "where," says a well informed writer, "within the last few years a clay model of an enemy was found in a stream, having been placed there in the belief that as the clay washed away, so would the health of the hated one decline."

A PAINTER'S GRATITUDE.—Paul Veronese, like many other painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed great liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room not allowing even a servant to enter. He would not suffer the maid to make his bed, and the sweepings of the room were left every morning outside of the front door for her to remove. He slipped away without bidding the family good bye. On entering the room, the servant found the sheets of the bed missing, and at once reported that the painter must have stolen them. After careful search, a roll was found in a corner, which proved to be a magnificent picture of Alexander in the tent of Darius. It was painted on the missing sheets of the bed, and the artist had chosen this curious way of recompensing his host for their hospitality.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment.

LOVE THE CREDITOR.

BY A. M. M.

A woman worn, in dull, dark raiment clad;
Standing before her, Love who claimed his due,—
He urging, she by him had been made glad,
She faltering, his words were sadly true.
"And yet, ah, Love," she sighed, "into thy hand
Have I not cast the riches of my life:
All hast thou claimed,—even the golden band
Which hedged me in from the world's shame and strife:—
Close the account, and let me go my way."
"Not yet suffice me," Love's answer came,
"Much still remains wherewith thy debt to pay.—
The roses on thy cheeks bloom still the same:
Mine are the tears which dull thy eyes soft blue,
And mine the right to fade thy hair's bright hue."

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VAROOM," "MY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

THE train came up, and the station master put her into a carriage and got her a footwarmer. She had deemed it best to take a first-class ticket to avoid attracting the attention and remark which would have been caused by her asking for a third, and she drew back behind the curtains and out of sight until the train had started.

It was an express, and, feeling very weary, and in that state which the reaction from intense excitement and emotion produces, she got a porter to call a cab, and told the man to drive to Mr. Petherick's office.

As the cab stopped she saw, to her dismay that the office was closed.

She had not taken the important question of time into her consideration, and she sat and looked at the drawn down blinds and closed door in a sort of a stupor.

But as she sat asking herself what she should do next, the door opened, and a clerk came out.

He was an old man who had once or twice been down to the Court on business connected with the estate; and he came forward, hat in hand, and with surprise stamped on his wrinkled face, as Norah called to him.

"Mr. Petherick, my lady!" he said. "He is not in London!"

Norah's heart sank like lead.

"Not in London!" she repeated, and her voice trembled.

"No, my lady. He's gone to the Continent. I think that he has got some kind of a clue to the viscount's—I mean Lord Arrowdale's whereabouts, and has gone to try and follow it up. I'm very *sorry*," he added, as he saw the dismay and disappointment in the lovely face. "If there anything I can do, my lady?"

Norah shook her head. What could he do? What could she do?

"I don't even know Mr. Petherick's address," he said after a pause, "or I'd telegraph to him if it's important business."

"It is, it is!" said poor Norah.

"If there is anything I can do——"

But Norah shook her head as she tried to thank him.

"I—I must go to an hotel," she said faintly. "Can you tell me——"

"Your ladyship's house in Park Lane," ventured the old man, rather surprised.

Norah's face crimsoned, and then went pale. She was no longer "your ladyship," and she had no house in Park Lane or elsewhere.

"I—I should prefer an hotel," she faltered.

"Yes, my lady, and a quiet one. There is one near here—it's not very fashionable, but it is quieter and more suited for a lady alone. But perhaps your ladyship is meeting someone?"

"No," said poor Norah, "I am quite alone."

"Then Godfrey's might suit my lady; it is in Winchester street. I'll tell the cabman, and I'll do myself the honor of calling tomorrow in case I should be of any service. I may hear from Mr. Petherick to-night. Indeed," he added, as he saw the perplexity did not disappear from her face, "if your ladyship will not think me presuming I will accompany you."

Norah accepted his offer gratefully, and he rode with her to the quiet street, and did not leave her until he had procured the best room and impressed upon the landlady the importance of her guest. Then, with reiterated offers of his services, he went, and Norah was left alone. They got her some tea, and she went and sat beside the window, and looked out with eyes that saw nothing. She was too tired to even think, and in a half conscious, mechanical way she found herself watching the passers by.

Suddenly she saw a face at the window of the house opposite that seemed to her vaguely familiar, and in a moment or two the recollection flashed upon her—the face was that of John Wesley, the famous poet, the gentleman she had met at Lady Derrington's, Cyril's friend Jack.

A thrill ran through her, and she put her hand to her eyes, for the sight of him brought back with painful suddenness the remembrance of Cyril himself.

It was some moments before she could look again, and when she did she found that Jack had thrown up the window and was leaning out, a look of expectancy on his handsome spiritual face. As she looked she heard the sound of wheels, and holding the curtain she bent forward. A cab stopped at the door just beneath the open window, and someone got out.

"Hallo!" She heard Jack's deep musical voice. "Hallo, old man; hurry up!"

A strange curiosity, something more and deeper than idle interest, caused her heart to beat with eagerness, and it was with scarcely a shock of surprise she heard Cyril's voice—Cyril's!—call back—

"Hallo, Jack! All right. How are you?"

She rose—she scarcely knew what she was doing—breathing fast and painfully, and watching intently. Was he alone, or—or—but yes, of course, there would be another with him—his wife, Becca!

But the cab stood between her and the door, and she could see neither Cyril nor anyone else, and a moment or two later the cab drove away, the door shut, but directly afterward she saw the figure of Cyril enter the room, and heard the voice of the two men as they clasped hands.

Faint and overwhelmed, she sank trembling into the chair, and hid her face in her hands.

Meanwhile Jack and Cyril were exchanging greetings, and the former was looking at the latter earnestly.

"You don't look quite the thing yet, lad," he said. "The picture finished."

Cyril shook his head.

"No," he replied, with a laugh that had very little merriment in it, "and not likely to be; it is I who am 'finished.' All the pluck seems to have gone out of me. But why did you send for me, old man?" he broke off.

"I've news for you."

Cyril started.

"About—about her!"

"Well, indirectly, Cyril. It is grave news. Your uncle the Earl of Arrowdale is dead."

Cyril started and looked down.

"I'm—I'm sorry!" he said. "Dead! And he looked well and strong enough there in Santleigh Woods to last for years. Dead! Beigho!"

"The earl is dead: long live the earl," said Jack significantly.

Cyril bit his lip and sighed.

"What is to be done?" he said. "I'd rather let the whole thing slide."

"That's nonsense, my dear boy," said Jack quietly. "You are the new earl, and must take up your coronet and mantle."

"And Norah?" said Cyril, hesitating as he always did when he spoke her name.

Jack nodded.

"The earl has left her every penny, every stick he was able to leave," he replied. "She will be an immensely rich woman, and the new earl will be none of the richest."

"Thank Heaven!" said Cyril. "I—I'm glad he has left me nothing but what he was compelled, Jack. May she be happy! Ah, how happy this would have made me if—if—she and I——" He turned away and tried to whistle. "You haven't heard anything of—of her?" he asked.

Jack paused a moment.

"Well," he said reluctantly, "I may as well tell you. There was always a rumor that she meant marrying that Mr. Guildford Berton, but since the earl's death the rumor has grown very distinct and positive."

Cyril sighed.

"God send her happiness!" he said beneath his breath. "But—but I think she is worthy a better man."

"Cyril Burne to wit."

"Yes," said Cyril with manly modesty. "Yes, Jack, I'd back myself to make her happier than that fellow could do. Somehow I don't believe in him; I don't like him."

"One seldom does like one's rival," said Jack cynically. "But the best thing you can do is to forget her. Meanwhile you had better present yourself before the family lawyer, Mr. Petherick—they have been advertising for you, my lord! By George, if I hadn't come home and seen the papers they might have gone on hunting and advertising till all was blue. I suppose you never looked at the English papers over there?"

"No," said Cyril moodily; "I'd something else to think of."

Jack Wesley laid a hand on the broad shoulder.

"Look here, Cyril," he said, "face the music, man! You have got to play your part in the world's drama, and a pretty large part it is. No more artistic vagabondage, no more fretting after what is lost. Forget her, lad—forget."

Cyril touched his hand gratefully.

"You're all right, Jack," he said. "You mean well, but as to forgetting her!" He laughed. "I tell you I see her all day long—By God!" he broke off with sudden vehemence, "I see her *now!*" and suddenly, white and startled, he stared through the window across the street.

"What on earth's the matter?" demanded Jack. "Is it a ghost, or have you taken to drinking?"

"It's—it's a ghost perhaps," said Cyril brokenly, "but it's *hers!* Why, there at that window opposite!" and he dragged Jack cautiously behind the curtain. "Don't let her see you man! Great Heaven and earth, what is she doing there! Norah at Godfrey's Hotel!"

"You must be the victim of hallucination," began Jack; then he exclaimed, "By George, you're right; it *is* she!"

Cyril, pale and breathless, stared at him, and then eagerly returned to the window opposite.

"Jack, look; she's—she's in trouble!" he said hoarsely. "See! She doesn't think anyone can see her—and—and she's crying. Great Heaven, what does it mean?"

"Can't say," said Jack. "I should go and ask her if I were you."

"By Heaven, I will!" exclaimed Cyril, swinging round upon him. "Yes, I will! No matter what has passed, no matter if she sends me away; she's in trouble, and I've—I've got to go to her. Where's my hat?" and in a state of excitement he caught it up and ran down the stairs as if Godfrey's Hotel was on fire, and he was off to rescue Norah.

Jack Wesley stood looking after him, then dropped into a chair, and groping for his pipe, lit it and fell to smoking, waiting patiently, philosopher as he was, for the issue of events.

Cyril went across the road and encountered the hall porter.

"I wish to see Lady Norah Arrowdale, please," he said.

There was something so masterful in the voice, so commanding in the stalwart, soldierly figure, that the porter, who was not used to this kind of swell, and who was rather thrown off his balance by having a titled lady in the house, at once began walking upstairs and Cyril followed.

The man opened the door of the sitting-room, and Norah dropped her hands suddenly, but turned her face away to hide the tears and tear traces, so that Cyril had time to nearly reach her side before he spoke her name—

"Norah!"

She started and turned to him with something in her face, in her lovely eyes, that made his heart leap. It said—ah! quite plainly—too distinctly to admit of his mistaking—"I love you!"

"Norah!" he breathed, and he held out his arms with an inarticulate cry.

She echoed it, rose, and leaned towards him; then, as if suddenly smitten by a deadly dart, she checked herself, and drawing herself to her full height said in a voice that was thrilled with sorrow, reproach and indignation:

"*Where is your wife?*"

CHAPTER XL.

"WHERE is your wife?"

Cyril's arms, which had been held out to take her to his heart, dropped to his side.

"Where—is—my—what?" he exclaimed, gazing in profound amazement at the lovely face, which, though flushed with indignation, still conveyed a hidden and suppressed tenderness.

"Your wife," Norah repeated, her lips quivering; "where is Becca? Oh, how can you—" she meant, "offer to take me in your arms," but said instead, "how can you come to me?"

"Becca! Do you mean Becca South?" said Cyril, more and more amazed. "How on earth should I know? What have I to do with Becca South, or Becca Anyone else?"

Norah's breath came fast, and her eyes dilated.

"Oh, how can you answer me so?" she said piteously. "I know everything! It is useless to try and deceive me. It is wicked—cruel and wicked. Why have you come here?" and the lovely eyes grew dangerously limpid.

Cyril put his hand to his head. No doubt at that moment he fancied he was dreaming, and that it was only a vision of Norah which stood before him, asking the most extraordinary of conundrums.

"Norah," he said desperately, "Norah, I don't know what you mean. I—I'm in a whirl. What are you doing here?" Why do you ask me these question? I know nothing of Becca South. I've not seen her since the night of that confounded ball at Ferndale——"

He stopped suddenly, for Norah had swayed slightly, and with a low cry sank into the chair.

He sprang to her, but she put her hand out to keep him off.

He called upon her name in a frenzy, and as her eyes closed he looked round for the bell. Not seeing it, he did perhaps the wisest thing he could do—flung up the window, and seizing a shell which "ornamented" the table, flung it at the window opposite.

Jack's head appeared promptly, with every expression of wrath upon his face.

"Come over at once!" shouted Cyril, and before Norah had succeeded in fighting off the fainting fit Jack Wesley was in the room looking amazedly from one to the other.

"Well," he said, "what has happened? Lady Norah, are you ill? Cyril, are you mad?" What have you been saying to her?"

"It's what she has been saying to me!" retorted Cyril, half demented.

Jack Wesley pushed him aside, and brought a glass of water and gave it to her, and she opened her eyes and fixed them on him penitently, and then on Cyril with an expression difficult to describe, but full of tenderness and hope, and a half-fearful joy.

"Are you better, Lady Norah?" said Jack. "Don't pay any attention to him, please. Keep away, Cyril. Now tell me what is the matter."

Then Norah opened her lips and struggled for words.

"Ask him to tell me the—the truth," she said brokenly. "I can bear anything but this uncertainty. Ask him to tell me if it is true that he is married to Becca South."

"There!" exclaimed Cyril; "that is what she asked me before you came in. Tell her, Jack——"

"Hold your tongue," said Jack Wesley, whose acute brain was beginning to get the drift of things. "Are you married to the young person mentioned?"

"Am I? Oh, great goodness, I shall go mad," said Cyril. "Married to her! You know, she must know, that I am not; that I would not marry anyone but—but one woman, if my life depended on it!"

If there had not been that awful tragedy behind it, the situation would have been almost farcical. But it was very serious to two of them, and Norah hid her face in her hands and began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned, but with a cadence of joy and thanksgiving. "Oh, how—how wicked I have been!"

This brought Cyril on his knees beside her instantly, and he dragged her hands tenderly from her face and looked up at her, all his soul in his eyes.

"Norah, my Norah, my darling!" he murmured, and a long string of passionate endearments. "What does it all mean? Why have you treated me so—so cruelly? Why did you not answer my letters? Why did you tell Jack—" Jack had discreetly gone to examine a picture on the wall, and kept his back turned upon the pair—"why did you tell Jack that you were no friend of mine, and—and let me believe that you wished to see no more of me? Oh, my darling, you have nearly broken my heart!"

"Mine is—is quite broken," whimpered Norah, her hands grasping his arm with little spasmodic pressures. "Oh, Cyril, I thought, I believed, that you had deserted me; that you were married."

"Deserted you! Married!" he repeated. "But why—why—why?"

"Because you went away with her—with Becca," said Norah in a low voice.

"I went off with Becca—poor little Becca South!" he echoed. "Great Heaven! what made you think so?"

"They told me so at the station," said Norah faintly; "and—and you were with her that night of the ball, and I saw you—ah, I saw you give her the ring——"

Cyril uttered a groan of desperation.

"I know! Yes, I gave her the ring. I once gave a child a stick of toffee, and Becca was no more than a child, a—a nothing to me. I gave her the ring because she had found it, and she was unhappy about

hat amongst other things, and I thought it would console her——"

"And—and then you went away without a word——"

Cyril stared at her.

"Without a word? Why, Norah, I wrote to you; I sent you a letter by her! I couldn't help going. I wrote and explained it all. I begged and prayed you to send me a word—just one word. But you didn't. Nor did you when I wrote from Brittany, imploring you to tell me why you had cut me at the ball. Why didn't you write?"

"I—I never got the letters, either of them!" said Norah, the tears running slowly down her face, "and I thought—oh, Cyril, how could I help it?—that—that you wished to break off, that you had thought better of it, and——"

He put his arms round her and strained her to him, and cut short her broken attempt at explanation.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he exclaimed. "And that is all! You are not angry with me for anything? You—you love me still, Norah?"

"I have always loved you!" she panted under her breath.

Jack had transferred his attentions to another picture, and the lovers had forgotten him.

"And you did not know why I had gone to Brittany?"

"I didn't know you had gone there. I never received either letter," said Norah.

"Then—then where are they?" demanded Cyril, of no one in particular.

Norah shook her head. Possibly she did not care very much. She had got her lover again, and all in a moment joy had come back to her heart with him. She held him with that clinging grasp which only a woman knows the secret of, as if she feared someone would come and take him from her again; and her lovely eyes, full of subtle worship and tenderness, looked into his eager ones.

"Where are they? And why did the people at the station tell you— why, by George! they must have mistaken the emigrant girl whose ticket I took for Becca," and in rapid sentences he told her of the incident.

Norah quivered with the delight of absolute relief from all doubt of him.

"Oh, that was so like you, dear!" she murmured. "But—but it was cruel that you should be punished; I mean I——"

"Say both."

"That both of us should be punished because you were kind to a poor lonely girl."

"Yes," he responded, with something of his own bright, light-hearted smile, "but it will be a lesson to me. I'll never help any woman under fifty again. But, Norah dearest, tell me—the letters—what became of them?"

Norah shook her head.

"I do not know, I cannot——" guess she was going to say, then stopped as Guildford Berton crossed her mind.

"And—and what are you doing here?" Are you alone?" asked Cyril, in the tone of one who has so many questions to ask that he doesn't know which to put first. "Not alone, dearest? There is someone with you!" He touched her black dress. "I have heard of—of your loss, dear. If I had only been with you! I am so sorry, Norah, I only heard of it five—ten minutes ago, from Jack here——"

Norah's eyes grew moist again, but she swept the tears away.

"Yes, I—I am alone," she said, looking down, and with a sudden sort of embarrassment, and she gently began to draw her hands away from him, reluctantly, clingingly.

"What is the matter?" he asked, quick to perceive that something was wrong. "What is it, dearest?"

At this juncture Jack looked round.

"I think I have intruded long enough," he said; "I'll take myself off. You can call if you want me. Don't break another window, Cyril."

Norah held out her hand to him.

"Will you not say that you forgive me, Mr. Wesley, for my rudeness to you that night?" she said, her big eyes turned on him so pleadingly that Jack's heart, which was of the very softest, melted in a moment.

"I'd forgive you more than that, Lady Norah," he said; "and I understand now that the sting was meant for our young friend here rather than for me; and he got it. If you had seen him when I told him— But there," he said quickly, "all that is part of the past misunderstanding, Lady Norah."

Norah looked up at him gravely.

"You are as good as Cyril said," she murmured softly. "But—but you must not call me Lady Norah."

Jack stared at her.

"I—I beg your ladyship's pardon; Lady Arrowdale I suppose I ought to have said."

"No," said Norah, "I am not Lady Anything, I am simply Norah Woodfern."

It was a day of surprises, but this statement, delivered in her calm, sweet voice, startled the two men pretty considerably. Cyril got hold of her hands again, and looked up at her almost in a fright. Goddesses do not lose their senses, or else he might have thought——

Jack was the first to speak.

"What do you say, Lady Norah?" he said gravely, for he saw that something was coming.

"It is true," she replied, looking from one to the other. "I am not Lady Norah, but the daughter of the countess's companion, Catherine." Her lips trembled, and she lowered her eyes. "I'll—I'll try and tell you," she went on bravely. "You—you must neither of you speak until I have finished, for my head," and she put her beautiful hand to her forehead, "is whirling."

Cyril holding her hand, and Jack leaning against the window with his arms folded, she told the story and produced the certificates.

Cyril could scarcely keep silent until she had concluded, then he broke out—

"It is false, Norah! It is a pure invention concocted to suit some purpose of Guildford Berton's! He is a scoundrel."

"He is a scoundrel without doubt," said the grave voice of Jack Wesley. "But I think his story is true."

"I don't believe——" broke in Cyril.

"In the first place," went on Jack, very quietly and gently, "he would not have dared to concoct it, much less to forge these copies. He is too clever for that! You see, a lawyer's clerk could satisfy himself as to their genuineness by just taking a journey to Plymouth and these other places, and examining the registers——"

"Which may have been tampered with," said Cyril.

Jack Wesley smiled.

"I am sorry to dispel a delusion which has been of vast service to novelists: you can't tamper with registers nowadays. They keep a correct copy at Somerset House."

Cyril's face fell.

"No! The story is true, and as Lady—I mean Miss Woodfern says, she is no longer ——"

"Which doesn't matter in the slightest!" exclaimed Cyril, his face flushing. "As it happens I have a story to tell——" He stopped suddenly to utter an exclamation of surprise and pain, for Jack had administered to him a decidedly sharp kick upon the ankle. "Eh? What?" Then, catching the expression of warning in Jack's eyes, he colored still more furiously and changed the direction of his words. "But I won't trouble you with that now, dearest. What if it is true, this—this revelation? It doesn't matter to you—nor me, Norah?"

"To me—no!" she smiled through her tears.

"And as for me, I'm—yes, don't be angry, dearest!—I am glad? Do you remember our talk in the woods? Do you remember my saying that I wished you weren't a peer's daughter——"

"I remember every word," she answered shyly, her eyes dwelling upon him with as much worship in them as a woman ever permits her eyes to reveal.

"Well, then, I am happy now!" he said brightly. "You see," and he laughed, "I'm so confoundedly proud——"

Jack Wesley, with his back turned to to them, grinned.

"And I might now and then have thought that you had thrown yourself away, and that you regretted it, but now ——"

"You can both revel in poverty together," remarked John blandly.

Ex—exactly," retorted Cyril, but with rather a guilty air; "we can face the world hand in hand, and——"

"Be happy ever afterwards," said Jack.

"Don't mind him, dearest," said Cyril. "It is only his way; you'll get used to it. And now for a bit of good news. We shan't be so very poor, after all. Thanks to Jack here, who pretends to be a bear, but is really as soft—as soft——"

"As an imbecile," put in Jack in a low voice.

"I've got enough work to last for—for ——"

"Your life," growled Jack, knowing how very little more work would be done.

"I can't get a word in," he said. "But no matter. And now, dearest——"

"And now what about Lady—I beg pardon—Miss Norah's dinner?" put in Jack. "Would it be very wicked if I suggest that the committee adjourn to Cyril's favorite restaurant?"

Cyril laughed.

"Jack is always thinking of his dinner," he said.

"Because he has nothing better to think of, and no one to think tor him," said Jack with a touch of gravity and—could it be?—envy.

Norah smiled at them both.

"I will do anything you wish," he said so sweetly that Cyril had hard work to keep from kissing her straight before Jack.

When she left them to put on her outdoor things Cyril exclaimed in a whisper—

"You stopped me in time, Jack! I was just going to tell!"

"You were. And would have upset the whole bag of tricks just as they were arranging themselves nicely."

"But—but I shall have to tell her!" said Cyril with a troubled frown.

Jack thrust his hands in his pockets, and screwed up his mouth.

"If you will take my advice, just for once, you will keep that bit of information until—well until after you are married," he said. "Blurt out to her that you are the Earl of Arrowdale, and—well, you'll see what happens. Miss Norah is as sweet—— Look here, lad: for some inscrutable reason Providence has seen fit to bestow upon you an angel in the guise of a woman—hold on a minute!—but angels have some pride, and if you tell her who and what you are her pride may take alarm. Keep quiet for a little longer, and thank Heaven for its goodness to a young cub who doesn't deserve half such luck as to marry the best woman I have ever met!"

Cyril grasped his hand in silent consent as Norah entered the room.

They went to the restaurant, and Cyril being, as Jack remarked, quite incapable of ordering a decent dinner under the circumstances, undertook the selection.

They were happy these three, two of them ecstatically so, and the third—who read the paper a great deal, and pretended he could not hear their soft murmurs—happy in their joy; and it came to Cyril as a sudden shock, when, abruptly lowering the paper, Jack said in a tone of earnest gravity almost approaching solemnity—

"But where is this girl, Becca South?"

Cyril stared at him thoughtfully.

"What do you think has become of her, Jack?"

Jack Wesley shook his head.

"I think——" he began, then he stopped and took up the paper again. "But it's not of much consequence what I think. If anyone knows where she is, depend upon it that person is Mr. Guildford Berton."

They were all very silent, thinking this over, but presently Jack broke it upon their reverie.

"Anyway, it's no use making yourselves unhappy over the question to-night. I really think you deserve a little felicity. So, young people, let us have another small bottle of Pommery and—be merry."

Cyril and Norah were only too ready to dismiss all unpleasant subjects from their minds; they felt that they were entitled, as Jack said, to a little sunshine.

After dinner they went out for a walk, and, leaning on her lover's arm, Norah saw for the first time something of the humors of that lively thoroughfare the Strand.

It was nearly midnight when the two young men escorted her to her hotel, and Jack considerately crossed the road and left them to bid each other good-night unobserved.

"I'm the happiest man in this great city!" exclaimed Cyril, when he and Jack were alone in Jack's chambers. "The very happiest! Jack, did you ever know anything so extraordinary as this meeting and—and—reconciliation? There is only one thing I want to complete my satisfaction, and that is to meet Mr. Guildford Berton and give him a piece of my mind——"

"Meanwhile," said Jack thoughtfully, "is Miss Norah to go on living by herself in an hotel off the Strand, eh?"

Cyril pondered this question.

"No harm can come to her——"

"No one will run away with her, certainly," said Jack, "but it's scarcely within the strict lines of propriety. She must have some friend upon whom she could rely—I mean some lady friend——"

"Of course!" exclaimed Cyril promptly. "Lady Ferndale?"

"Exactly," said Jack, who had been thinking of her all the evening. "I will tell you what will happen: Lady Ferndale will be one of the first to hear of Miss Norah's flight, and you may depend upon it that the first thing she will do will be to come post haste to London, thinking that Miss Norah may chance to go to the Ferndales' town house. Now, my lad, here is the plan of campaign. To-morrow we will go to the old lawyer's, Mr. Petherick's, and if he should have returned you can tell him Miss Norah's story, and she can formally give up all claim to the old earl's money. That will leave her free, and absolutely her own mistress, to do as she likes, and if I were in your place I should take care that she liked to marry me in—well, as soon as you can get the license. Of course you'll have to take Lady Ferndale into your confidence, and perhaps the old lawyer too; but I'd keep the lawyer in the dark if I could. He'll be sure to put some spoke in your wheel: lawyers love delay as mice love cheese, and if he learns that you are the Earl of Arrowdale he'll stand out for all sorts of legal forms and ceremonies."

The two men sat far into the morning talking and planning, and after breakfast Cyril was over at the hotel conferring with Norah.

She agreed, at once, to the whole plan of campaign as elaborated by Jack, whom she regarded as a perfect Solomon of wisdom, excepting the item of the speedy marriage. Covered with blushes she assured Cyril that it was impossible.

"Why, dear," she murmured, hiding her face upon his broad chest, "no one would be, no one ever has been, married so—so suddenly!"

"Oh, haven't they?" said Cyril. "Well, we'll inaugurate a new departure. Look here, dearest, I really think we'd better follow Jack's advice. I've always found myself in trouble when I've disregarded it, and I've always come out all right when I've taken it. And, to tell you the truth, Jack is apt to cut up rough when you ask him for his advice and don't take it—— "

"It seems to me," said Norah almost inaudibly, and smiling, "that Jack—I mean Mr. Wesley—treats us like a couple of children.

"So you are," said that gentleman, entering at the moment. "I've engaged a perambulator—I mean, hansom—by the hour, and I think the sooner you see Mr. Petherick and Lady Ferndale the better. I'd offer to accompany you," he added, with a faint smile, "but the cab only holds two, and it is a case where decidedly two are company and three none."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAR DRIVERS.—Even car drivers, though silent, majestic and scornful at times, show a touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin." A New York writer stood on the front platform with one a few evenings ago. He lashed himself into a rage over the many and sudden rings by the conductor for stops.

At last he said, "Say, mister, if you will hang on to the rail I'll get square with that man." Then he cut his horses fiercely until they began to gallop. He watched until the conductor was walking through the car to the rear platform. Just as the conductor reached the door the driver said between his teeth, "Hang on, now." He gave the brake a sudden jerk and the car stopped like an arrested cannon ball.

The brake was as quickly thrown back, whirling around with a sharp rattle as the car bounded on again. The conductor had unceremoniously sat down right in the doorway, his back to the passengers. There was a grim smile on the driver's face when the front door was thrown open a minute late, and the conductor, thrusting his head out, asked what in the name of all that was polite the trouble was.

"I nearly ran down and old man," answered the driver, making a dexterous cut at the nigh horse. "Did you hurt him?" asked the conductor. "No, I just missed him." The conductor paused. "I wish I had been the old man," he said, slowly, and he closed the door and went back to his platform.

REGULARITY OF HABIT.—One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off to another time where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. The mind can be so trained that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order.

But let these run together and the duties get mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive. And the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush and attempt to do several things at once and accomplish little; while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another and easily accomplish a vast amount of work.

The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

MEMORY.

MAY PHILLIPS.

When first we met, the Summer shone fair
Upon the royal roses rich and sweet,
And kissed to gold the glory of your hair,
And lingered on the daisies at your feet.
O golden sun! O roses' sheen!
O sweet blue smiling sky!
O the life of love that might have been!
O blissful days gone by!

When next we meet—ah, no; we meet no more—
No more stand hand in hand and heart to heart!
Fain had I lingered on love's golden shore
With thee; but Fate has swept our lives apart.
O meetings sweet! O parting dear!
O sun-kissed sands of love!
Will the flow'rs and hopes that wither here
Bloom fresh in worlds above?

In the Primrose Time.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

A COPPICE in a sheltered nook of the hillside. On the high downs above the bare trees were bowing before the strong March wind, while the chalky roads were sending up the ransoms of many kings in white blinding clouds of March dust; but down in the sunshiny shelter below, the chestnuts put forth their tiny green fans, the pussy-willows along the bed of the stream opened their silvery catkins, and pale primroses lifted up their starry faces from the brown drift of last year's fallen leaves.

A girl sat singing to herself at the foot of a tree, her lap heaped with primroses, which she was tying up as she sang, only stopping now and then to lift her face to the sky, where the lark, a mile aloft, was sending down a rain of melody.

Then her voice, clear and strong, went shrilling higher and higher as if in challenge, breaking off, now into a brilliant roulade, now into a little school song.

She looked like a primrose herself, as she sat amongst the brown leaves with her delicate pale face, her starry eyes and hair of palest gold.

She was poorly dressed, but a subtle refinement pervaded her voice and movements. "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" came in a jubilant note from the tree tops. "Cuckoo!" she sang merrily in response, and "Cuckoo, cuckoo, spring time is come," sang a chorus of children's voices, and a little procession wound its way in and out between the brown tree trunks; all tiny children led by Baby Neil, holding up a scrap of a blue skirt full of marsh marigolds. All the rest carried primroses in their sunburnt little paws.

"See, Nansie, all these! Won't the ladies be pleased! This will fill the basket when we've brought the moss."

"May we go and get the palms now? The boys must do the cutting, musn't they?"

"We won't spoil the bushes. I'll hold Baby Neil fast all the time we're near the brook!"

They all spoke at once, clustering round Nansie, who answered them not so much by words as by smiles and indistinct murmurs. The babies always understood Nansie and were good with her.

It was the grown folk who shook their heads and said she would never be anything but a poor innocent, or pointed meaningly to their foreheads when anyone asked questions about the silent, pale little lass.

She had been a docile, sweet-tempered child, never rude or violent, terrified by other children, and never able to understand or take part in either lessons or games.

She would sit alone contentedly in the sunshine talking in her own language to the birds and flowers, and singing to herself while her quick fingers plaited endless lengths of straw plait—the staple industry of the village—for her mother.

Now and then she would have strange fits of restlessness, roving away for the whole day, coming home at night weary, foot sore, and hungry. It was impossible either to follow or to restrain her.

Nor did she ever come to harm, till one stormy day when young Philip Reynholt, riding home across the downs, found the child miles away from the village, huddled up insensible under a furze bush. He thought at first she had been struck by lightning, but she was only panic-smitten, and he was able to carry her home before him on his horse.

The fright and exposure brought on an illness, after which those about her noticed a change in Nansie. She grew more awake to things around her, she recognised people: she remembered what was told her; but above all she became possessed of a spirit of dog-like attachment to Philip Reynholt.

It was not shown obtrusively; in fact, he was never aware of it. She would wait for hours in the lanes round the Manor House to see him go out or in, insisted on being taken to church with her mother, so that she could watch him in his place beside his old father in the Manor House pew; and treasured up a glove that he had dropped one day, putting it under her pillow every night.

Philip came to inquire after her during her illness, and when her mother complained of her trick of roaming, spoke sternly to her and forbade her to do so more.

She trembled, but looked him steadily in the face, promised, and kept her word.

But a great change was coming for Nansie. The old Vicar died, and the new one came. He was a devoted parish priest, which did not concern Nansie; he was a musical genius, which did.

Sitting on his low vicarage wall one day, thinking with downcast brow of the three plain, voiceless, tuneless daughters with which it had pleased Providence to afflict him, he was aware of a party of children in the field practising the Harvest Thanksgiving hymns.

Suddenly a voice joined in which made him start and listen, and smite his hands together with a mighty ejaculation, and then run to his garden gate to see from what nightingale's throat came such wondrous music.

And behold it was Nansie. Off to her parents he set in hot haste. Did they guess what a treasure they had in their keeping—this marvellous song bird, every note of whose voice in the days to come should be worth golden guineas? She must be doubly watched and cherished. The organist must train her voice under his—the Vicar's anxious superintendence.

The parents, simple village folk, took it all calmly. They could not love her more than they did, their only one. They had always given her of their best. They were much obliged to the Vicar, and that was all.

Down came a celebrated London physician at the Vicar's instance, who examined the child, questioned her parents, spoke oracular words of encouragement, and departed, leaving instructions for the training of her deft fingers, and for the lessons and exercises to be used to develop her dormant faculties.

They gave her the infant's class in the village school to mind. She "had a way with the children." Then she led the little wavering band of feeble trebles in the church choir.

People were beginning to forget that they had once called her "poor Nansie," and spoke with respect of the wonderful art embroideries that she was working with the young ladies at the vicarage.

Such was Nansie's history up to the day when she sat at the foot of the beech-tree and sang to the sky-lark. A slim young lass of sixteen, with dainty "lady ways," on which her mother secretly prided herself; and few remaining traces of her former state beyond a certain slowness of speech and thought with all but the children, and an abstracted look in the pretty blue eyes, as if they dwelt on something past the ken of ordinary beings; and a way of holding herself aloof, that was, after all, but a pretty trick of maidenly reserve.

She had finished her posies long before the children returned, and began to pick the leaves and grasses about her, examining and comparing them, and giving them names out of her own fancy when her knowledge failed.

She plucked at a trail of ground-ivy that had begun to put forth its fresh green. It came up in a beautiful branching spray, uncovering a small arched opening under a root of a tree, and as she broke it off something jarked up into the sunshine, bright and shining, and fell into the heart of a primrose cluster.

She put aside the green leaves and faint yellow buds, and there it lay—a massive gold ring with a shield shaped green stone.

She knew it directly. Those were the Reynholt arms engraved on the stone. She had seen it on Philip's finger many a time. She held it smiling to herself, then drew a ribbon from her neck and slipped the ring on beside a medal that someone had given her.

Then she lined the great brown basket with soft, green, feathery moss and filled it with her posies, wreathing the edge with ivy-sprays.

In picking them she uncovered the hole in the tree yet more, and peering in, saw something white lying on the moss. "He must have put it there. The ring must have dropped as he drew his hand back. What is it? Who is it for? It is a letter! No! There is no writing outside, though it is sealed. I may look at it."

She opened it confidently. She knew how a letter should begin and end, but this did neither, she thought. It was not signed, and began without preliminary.

"Let this be our farewell, Mona. These are the last words I shall speak to you as your lover—even Sir Francis may pardon them. I will never, of my own free will, look on your fair false face again.

"I try to put from my thoughts the touch of your white hand, the sound of your sweet voice. What are they now to me? They belong to Sir Francis March.

"You tell me he is devoured by pride and jealous mistrust. He is the husband you have chosen. You say you have no friend left but me. Friend! I am no friend of yours. I am your lover or nothing.

"So, of your pity, I beseech you to leave us. Had I my freedom, I would gladly put the wide world's space between us, but you know I am bound, tied hand and foot by my duty to my father, while you stay here against your husband's wish, just of your own choice.

"Therefore, Go! Though it breaks my heart to say so—my love, my queen.

"For me all is lost, *fors l'honneur*!"

Nansie put it down and looked about bewildered. She had spelled so far painfully and carefully without much sense of the words reaching her. It did not much matter that she left the rest unread. It was a very boyish effusion to the last, exaggerated in its phrasing but honest in its exaggeration.

And Philip was the writer. That dawned on her at last. Then she crushed it vehemently in her hands and dropped her head forward on her knees, struggling with an actual physical spasm of pain that pierced her through and through.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" sang the bird overhead, and "Cuckoo, cuckoo! bring us good luck," sang the children in answer.

Nansie picked up her hat and russet cloak and went to meet them, carrying the basket. The boys had fine store of "palms" to bear in church to-morrow, the girls scampered on ahead to unlock the gate to the road.

Nansie overtook them just as a carriage with a handsome pair of ponies drew up with a cloud of dust.

"Bring those primroses to me, and let me see them," cried the lady who was driving.

Nansie's face grew set and dour, and she advanced unwillingly.

Yet to anyone but Nansie the lady would have been fair to look upon. A brilliant dark beauty with a rich bloom on her cheek, soft dark eyes under heavy lashes, and red, smiling lips.

"I will buy them. Here, put them in the carriage."

"No. You cannot have them them. They are for the church," said Nansie with scant civility.

"Nonsense! You can get plenty more; here's half-a-crown."

"No. I will not give them to you." She turned away abruptly, drawing away Baby Neil, whom the lady had bent forward to notice. She was a hot-tempered lady, unused to opposition.

"Simpleton!" she said angrily, her black brows frowning. "Oh, I forgot. The village idiot. You ought to be shut up. Out of the way, children!" and she made her ponies start and dash forward with the sharp cut she gave them.

"Doesn't oo like dat pretty lady?" demanded Baby Neil.

"She is Lady March; I hate her," Nansie answered to herself. Then they crossed the road and climbed the stile into the field path to the parish church.

They were received with subdued acclamation in the porch.

Easter was early this year and spring was late, and till now primroses had seemed unattainable. Some dozen workers were doing their best with scant materials, assisted by the Vicar and Curate, and some workmen who had dropped in at their dinner-hour. Nansie's posies must go to the east window, they all agreed, and she carried them up to the workers in the chancel.

"Where did you find so many?" someone asked.

"In Redwoods, down by the stream," she replied.

"Redwoods! They are not open!" spoke Philip Reynholt sharply, looking round from the pillar to which he was fastening a garland. He was a handsome, bright-faced young fellow, with kindly blue eyes and a yellow mustache. He looked disturbed, and spoke louder than he intended.

"The General let us in himself when he heard we were gathering for the church."

"Oh, if my father allowed it, all right."

"Hush, if you please," said the Vicar. "Send the little ones home, Nansie and as I think most of our choir are here, we can go over the hymns for to-morrow."

Baby Neil and her brother pattered hand in hand down the aisle, the Curate seated seated himself at the organ, and the singers took their places. Philip refused to join them, and took his place moodily on the base of a pillar out of sight.

What had he to do with "Easter triumph, Easter joy?" He, still in the strain and stress of the conflict, fighting miserably, despairingly, conscious that whichever way the victory went it meant loss and woe unutterable to him.

Nansie's voice used to charm him once with its clear, cold purity of tone, but today it moved and distressed him. It sounded richer, fuller, more human, with a touch of passion that stirred some answering chord with him.

He stole silently away, leaving the Easter hymn unfinished.

Nansie sat at her window late into the night watching the fleecy clouds scud before the wind across the starless sky. She had read and re-read the letter till she knew it by heart, and deeper she meaning sank into her mind.

Then she stole softly downstairs into the living room, where the embers on the hearth still glowed, and kindling them with her breath into a flame, burned the letter to ashes.

A spirit of unrest had seized the girl; she felt it driving her forth as in her childish days. The trees seemed to beckon and the voice of the wind to call. She wrapped herself in hood and cloak, and opening the door noiselessly, sped out into the night.

Fast and far she walked, till, returning homeward, she found herself in Broadmeads, within sight of the house that Sir Francis March had taken for the winter season.

Now she knew what she was going for, and across the park she hurried, and plunged into a woodland track that would lead her direct to Redwoods and the primrose dell.

Straight as the crow flies, through brake and briar, she made her way till she stood at the foot of the tall beech tree. In the cavity at its roots lay another letter.

A tiny, fancifully-folded, tinted and scented note. She took it with a shiver of excitement, hid it in her dress, and made for home.

It was clutched in her hand when she woke next morning after a few brief hours of sleep, and she anxiously strained her wits to decipher it. It was not possible for her to have entirely understood it, or fathomed the depths of heartless folly to which inordinate vanity can drive a woman of March's type.

She had jilted Philip Reynholt coolly and calculatingly for her wealthy old admirer, yet she grudged the loss of a lover. It was easy to guess what her reply to poor Phil's appeal would have been had she received it.

As it was, she was evidently indignant at his not meeting her, or writing, and she wrote with just enough acerbity to pique and just enough tender sweetness to entice him into further folly. She ended by imperatively demanding that he should meet her there, at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening—and she put it so that it would have been difficult to refuse.

Nansie's eyes were angry as she hid it away before her mother came to call her.

She went through the usual routine—Sunday school—the lengthy Easter Day service—dinner—and Sunday school again, in her old mechanical fashion.

Her mother had made her a white dress for the day; and as she coiled up Nansie's yellow hair and pinned a cluster of primroses at her throat, she secretly rejoiced at her daughter's fairness and the contrast she made to the bouncing, blooming village girls with their over-smart dress and boyden manners, or the prim, dowdy young ladies from the vicarage. 'She is like a lily amonst them," thought the good woman.

She did her part in the singing carefully and well, but the music sounded lifeless and tuneless to her, and Philip's ring weighed on her breast like a circlet of red-hot iron.

She could see the Broadmeads pew, where Sir Francis sat huddled up in a great fur coat, his sharp, spiteful eyes ever on the watch, and Lady March, beautiful and devout, kept her long lashes bent steadfastly on her book, except for one brief expressive second when they flashed forth a signal to the seat in the chancel where Philip sat beside his old father.

Nansie saw it all. She was becoming painfully alive to the hints and suggestions that were floating in the air about her. Self consciousness was dawning in the girl. She began to wonder at herself—at this

Nansie, her whole soul in a tumult of wrath and agony of suspence—and at the other Nansie who curtsied to the Vicar and stood up with the little ones to say her catechism and forgot half of it.

Would the day ever be done and the clock strike seven? She was bound to go to church, and meanwhile what might be happening? She was in her place listening vacantly to the organist's last whispered injunctions when the first stroke of the hour sounded.

Another, and the last comers of the congregation hurried in and the organist struck the first chord of the voluntary. Another, and a footfall she knew amongst a thousand caught her ear, and Philip passed her leading the old General to his place.

"Did you ever hear anything more magnificent than the hymn to night?" asked the Vicar, excitedly, of his family. "It was simply thrilling. How the girl sings! She must have some glimmering of the sense of it all, poor creature."

"Perhaps she felt excited and triumphant about something on her own account," said the eldest and most matter-of-fact daughter.

"There will be a letter in the beech tree to-night," thought Nansie, and escaped to see. She was right. There it lay. A mere scrap written on a leaf of a note book with a chatelaine pencil. A scribbled reproach, half-tender, half imperious: She would await his explanations.

Nansie watched and waited.

No meeting took place, she was sure, during the next few days. The old General was ill, and his son never left his bedside.

Another note came to the beech tree a day or two later. "Had he waited for her in vain? Sir Francis had kept her prisoner in a fit of mad jealousy. Why did he not even write to her? Was he afraid of compromising her? She would risk that and more for a word of sympathy. Ever his Mona."

Nansie hid it safely with the rest.

Another followed—angry and questioning. "Was he watched as well as herself? His father, she knew, hated her, but was he a man to bear it? Why did he not defy them all, and come openly to her house? Sir Francis could not shut the door against a neighbor. She would be at home at a given hour every day for a week."

This was the last. Nansie waited for more, but none came.

Then she began to ponder about what she was to do with her plunder. She had some dim floating notions about the rights of ownership.

Had they been addressed to Philip she would have given them to him at once, but they were not; they did not even commence with his name. Then they must belong to "Mona." Well, she should have them—"some day." Nansie would keep them safe for her. She had a desk, a school-prize for needlework, with a plentiful supply of unused stationery. She took a sheet of paper and encicsed the letters, and then with much solemnity lit a candle and sealed the parcel with Philip's ring. "I will carry this always with me till I meet her, and then I will throw it at her feet and tell her he has never read a line of them." A silly fancy, but it pleased her.

"They say the poor old Squire's going fast," her father said at dinner a day or two latter. "I met Mr. Philip fetching the London doctor from the station. Eh, but he looks bad. Ten years older with trouble."

"Ah, well. It's what we must all come to," said the good dame, cheerfully, beginning to clear the table.

Neither of them thought of Nansie. She had never appeared to listen to what passed before her unless directly addressed, and not always to understand then. Now, though she sat with eyes cast down, her ears were alert to catch every word, and the whole strength of her mind bent upon understanding it.

She slipped away to think. From her window she could see the Manor House, where the Squire lay dying and Philip watched in lonely sadness. An irresistible impulse seemed to draw her there. She looked at her pretty white gown hanging on its peg, but some delicate instinct made her keep to the faded old frock and russet cloak, childishly short and scant as they were.

Her old wanderings had taught her every path and short cut to the Manor. She had haunted the place at all times and seasons too often not to know exactly how near she could approach unseen almost to the very windows. Then a sudden dash across the open and she was safe in the shelter of the portico.

She tried the door softly. It was on the latch, and, opening it, she slid into the hall like a shadow. Plenty of hiding places there. A high-backed carved settle stood on one side the hearth, and behind this she could kneel, watching her chance to see or hear of Philip.

Suddenly the door-bell clanged loudly and impatiently. She heard the servants footsteps crossing the hall, and then a voice that she knew.

"I wish to see Mr. Reynholt at once."

"Beg your pardon, my lady, but Mr. Reynholt is with the General, and the doctor's orders are that they are not to be disturbed."

"Then I shall come in and wait till you can take my message."

The man made a feeble murmured protest, but unavailingly, and Lady March swept past him regardless. "Tell him I am here. Tell him to come as soon as he can. I will wait till I see or hear from him."

"The doctor's orders—" again protested the butler.

"I shall not go without an answer to my message." Lady March's voice was raised high with impatience, and the man made the best of the situation by showing her hurriedly into the library and shutting the door on her.

Nansie heard the rustle of a dress on the staircase and the voice of a housekeeper or nurse speaking low but imperatively.

"What's the meaning of this disturbance? Have you forgotten your orders, Parkins?"

"I couldn't help it, Mrs. Peterson. It's Lady March—won't go without seeing Mr. Reynholt. It's on important business."

"Nothing is of such importance as peace and quietness just now. You may tell her that. The doctor says nobody is to go near the room. Everything depends on this sleep lasting."

"It won't be the slightest good telling her so," predicted the butler despondently.

"Then say you have given the message to me. I shall know how to dispose of her." Mrs. Peterson marched determinedly away. The butler looked doubtfully at the library door, and finally departed to his own quarters, letting events slide.

Nansie listened and thought awhile, "She must go," she decided. "If he daren't tell her so, I will. She shan't stay here." Then she boldly crossed the hall and flung the door open.

Lady March sat at the writing table, her chin resting on her clasped hands. She looked handsomer than ever, Nansie thought, her cheeks were so red and her eyes shone so. When she beheld Nansie, they opened wider than ever with anger and contempt.

"What are you doing here? Who gave you leave to come and prowl about the house?" she asked wrathfully.

Nansie advanced quite steadily. "I have come on an errand. The man dared not tell you. You are to go."

"What!" She sprang to her feet, her brow thunder, her eyes lightening. "What do you say?"

"You are to go," repeated Nansie still more emphatically. "Mr. Reynholt wants you to go."

"He dares send me such a message—and by you—the idiot. And you dared to repeat it!"

With a sweeping rush she was on Nansie, and had seized her by the shoulder fiercely, her wrathful eyes flashing, her cheek crimson, her voice choking with rage. Nansie shook like a reed in her furious grasp, and her face blanched with terror, but a wild, savage sense of power rose in her heart. She—She, "Poor Nansie," could make this great lady mad with rage! She could never sneer at her for a "harmless idiot" again. They were enemies, and so equals.

"Let me alone; I have something for you," she managed to gasp. The grasp on her shoulder was loosened, and Lady March almost flung her from her.

"Give it me quickly, you fool."

Nansie brought forth her packet. It was snatched out of her hand. Lady March's eyes grew suddenly soft, and a co. . . smile dawned on her lips. She ex. ined the seal. "If you had dared to bre. . it," she muttered, threateningly. Then turning her back contemptuously on the girl, she broke open the packet. Her own letters fell to the ground at her feet.

Nansie caught the reflection of her face in the mirror above, and before she could turn, had opened the door and fled softly away.

Next week Sir Francis and Lady March left Broadmeads for the Continent.

It all happened long ago. Who can tell where a story really ends? To my mind it seems to go on for ever. Nansie laughs and says hers is only just beginning. She is a beautiful woman now, with a lovely voice, and a name well-known all round the world.

She has had a brilliant career, with enough incident in it to set up a score of romance writers in trade, and has refused foreign coronets of all sorts and sizes, native money-bags, a prosperous impressario, and a millionaire from across the water. And yet she was pleased to tell me that she considers her life a blank up to a given date last year, when a certain handsome young artist asked permission to paint her portrait.

She is as good as she is gifted, and he is worthy of her. May they be happy. But how about Philip Peynholt?

"Oh," says Nansie, "I saw him last night at the State Concert, with his beautiful American bride. Till she appeared, Lady March had been the handsomest woman in the room."

Was it not strange they did not appear to know one another? And"—with a wistful look and a smile that was half a sigh—"neither had the slightest recollection of me."

"So much the better for everyone," said I.

THE TOOTHPICK FIEND.—"That is a toothpick fiend," said a clerk in a Pittsburg hotel to a reporter, as he pointed to a man who had two toothpicks in his mouth, and was trying to get a handful into his vest pocket. "He comes into the hotel through the bar entrance, and after taking a five cent drink and a fifteen cent free lunch, strolls into the office and struts around as if he were a $5 a-day boarder. He brushes all the flies off the counter with his arms as he reaches over in a patronizing way and asks for the railway guide. After catching an imaginary train, and inquiring about the connections, he picks up a handful of toothpicks and saunters out the front door. At the main entrance to the hotel he stops and picks the remnants of his free lunch out of his teeth, with the intention of conveying to passers-by the idea that he is stopping at the hotel. Why don't we object? What good would it do? It would only cause a scene, and the best thing to do is to pay no attention to him. Sometimes we say something about the toothpicks, but not often. There are a good many other people like him."

DELICACY.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but that high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women, as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed indeed to smile or blush. This is the delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste, that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Cortona was engaged on a picture for the Royal Palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make this child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter, who in a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight are the causes that make or break the happiness of of life. The touch of a brush can dim Heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect of the fair horizon.

NEGLIGE SHIRTS.—Wearers of negligé shirts ought to be thankful to a New Haven man, who has hit upon a means by which all the advantages of suspenders and belt can be had without any of the disadvantages.

His plan is a very simple one and consists of wearing the suspenders next to the undershirt, the silk, cotton or flannel shirt being outside.

At the waist of the outer shirt horizontal slits are cut and stitched like buttonholes. Through these slits the straps of the suspenders are brought and fastened to the trousers. A broad belt or sash covers the waistband, slits and straps, and the result is a belt effect and a suspender comfort.

WHEN you want to test the sobriety of a man ask him to repeat quickly the names of these three States of the Union: Idaho, Iowa and Ohio.

Scientific and Useful.

MARBLE FLUID.—The Austrian sculptor, Fredrich Beer, in Paris, has discovered a process for making marble fluid and moulding it as bronze is moulded. The name of the marble thus treated is beryt. The new product costs little more than plaster, and is especially well adapted to the ornamentation of houses and the construction of floors, baths and pillars. A stock company has been organized in Paris to place beryt on the market.

A METHOD OF IMPROVING GLUE.—To add oxalic acid and white oxide of zinc, in the proportion of one percent. to the glue to be treated gives a whiter and clearer product than any of the measures now in use. The glue should first be reduced with water and heat to a thick pulp, and the chemicals added while the mass is hot. The same process may be used for bleaching blood albumen, but the degree of heat should not be above 122 degrees Fahrenheit or the albumen will cosgulate.

HOW TO TELL A COUNTERFEIT BILL.—Take a United States billof any denomination and hold it to the light, and you will see two lines running entirely across it lengthwise. Upon examination you will find these to consist of silk threads, a red one and a blue one. Every genuine bill has the mark of a genuineness. Without these marks a bill may be put down as a counterfeit, no matter how good the engraving on it. No paper mill dare make this sort of paper, and this is the Government's only protection on its currency.

THE ELECTRIC GOOSE.—The latest of the many late things in electricity is the electrical goose, which dates from Minneapolis, where it has been used for smoothing out the wrinkles and other excrescences in blue Jean overhalls. It is about the same size and weight as the ordinary tailor's goose, but there the semblance ends. It is described as a perfect wonder. The electrical current is supplied from an overhead wire by an ordinary silk covered wire with plenty of slack. As each garment is brought to the bench of the manipulator she grasps the goose, and in a trice the overall is ready for the next operator in the long list that go to fit it for the hired man or the chimney sweep.

Farm and Garden.

NAGGING.—A spirited horse may soon be made slow and spiritless by constant nagging, twitching the lines, peevish urging and in many other wearing processes that fretful drivers invent and practice.

LIQUID AND SOLID.—If absorbent material cannot be had place the solid manure where the liquids can flow into it. Dry dirt, however, is excellent for absorbing the liquids of the stable, and assists in preventing loss of ammonia.

ROCK SALT.—A piece of rock salt should always be kept in the box of the manger, so that the horse may lick it whenever his appetite prompts him. Salt is necessary for animals as it is for human beings, and this way of administering it is far preferable to the universal practice of putting a handful once or twice a week in soft feed. In following his instincts a horse will take neither too much nor too little, and will get it just when he desires it and needs it most.

MANAGEMENT OF THE LAWN.—Do not mow a young lawn too closely, nor allow the grass to grow to high. Bear in mind that when a plant seeds its object for that season is accomplished. Until the grass is well under growth too much mowing is an injury. Applying manure on the grass in the late fall and ashes in the spring. On bare spots, or weak lawns, the grass should be allowed to go to seed before frost, which will be an advantage the following spring, when it may be kept in order with the lawn mower.

BROOD MARES.—Good brood mares are a fortune on the farm. Keep all the good mares and continue to grade up, that each succeeding generation will be better bred and raise better colts. The mares can do the farm work and raise valuable colts, while a gelding or a male is a useless expense on a farm. When all our farms are stocked with brood mares and greater care given to breeding the better class of horses farming will be more profitable, for there is no product of the farm that sells for better money than good horses, and the brood mares work for their keep besides.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x 28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Our Margins.

With the bulk of our possessions, the sane among us know pretty well how to deal. With the margins we are often at a loss, squandering and going wide, or hoarding and not utilising.

Take our income as one example. We pay so much in rents, taxes and the principal items of housekeeping. Take our time for another. We devote so many hours in the day to our work, our domestic duties, our intellectual life.

So far good; but the unappropriated surplus and what we do with it—the unoccupied margin and how we fill it—these are the vital questions for the present moment; and the answer is of more consequence in the fit conduct of life than some will allow.

But among the many marks of a fool, one is his contempt for small things and his grand way of overlooking the cumulative power of aggregation and repetition.

In spite of the lessons taught by flint and chalk and coral, the good old saw setting forth how many a pickle makes a mickle is without significance to him.

Only a few pennies—only a few dollars—surely he can afford that out of his margin! Only a few minutes in the day—what is the worth of a few minutes? Nothing! Out of the twenty four hours, half an hour here, a quarter there, ten minutes—just ten—what folly to make a fuss and call that waste!

The learned man who wrote a book in the intervals of waiting while his wife put on her bonnet and settled her strings, must have been a horrid bore, argue these idle ones who let their unappropriated time lie fallow.

No one can be always between the shafts; and the sweet Do-nothing has its mental uses as well as its charms.

It is so restful to sit and dream, weaving fairy stories of improbable chances out of the golden threads of hope and imagination! It is so pleasant, too, to dawdle and potter and linger over the thing that is in hand—to save one's energies—as if energies did not grow with the using!—and to waste the margin in long halts of inactivity between the stages of accomplishment!

Why should Life be a cruel taskmaster, gaunt and grim, priggish and precise, and not the jolly, generous, loose-handed friend who winks at faults, overlooks lapses, and lets things run free in a happy-go lucky kind of way, the margin not counting?

Why not indeed! When we all emigrate into the kingdom of Cockaigne, and our larks fall from the sky ready roasted for supper, it will be so; but till then the margin has to be considered and its best use made clear.

In whatever way we spend our money, some one profits. This is one of the points of conflict between morality and political economy.

After all, squandering is distribution, and personal loss is public gain. If you waste your substance on horseracing and cards, what you disburse others pocket; and a fifty cent button-hole helps the flower seller to live.

That other bills are left unpaid—that the wife and children go short of their rightful share—these form distinct questions of their own. They are moral knots which are not untied by the most dexterous use of "distribution" and "public gain" or any other verbal juggle.

Like metapysical arguments on the subtleties of free will and necessity, we blow them all aside when we come down to the "hard pan" of common sense and personal experience.

The cottager who spends his margin on his flower beds and lets his cabbage garden go bare and his potato patch unweeded, is a thriftless husbandman; the woman who fills her drawing-room with knick knacks and does not renew her broken jugs and basins is as thriftless a housewife. But the millionaire may give thousands for his orchids and his vines, and his margin is well employed.

With our margin of time, things go the same way. It all depends on the amount of time we have in hand whether we squander foolishly or use with permissible generosity.

But the rule which held good with money is inverted when we deal with time, and the man who has nothing to do, and whose whole day is therefore one wide margin, has a heavier account against him than the busy worker whose narrow little strips of leisure are almost too small to be put out to interest.

And yet it is the busy people who have time for extras. The idle never have margins.

Ask the man who gets up at twelve and who has not the very ghost of a duty to employ him—who has not an obligation save those which he chooses to make for himself—ask him to undertake any matter that will fill up half an hour in the fourteen he takes from sleep for idle pleasure, and he cannot find that half-hour in all his margin.

Ask the man who is in his office at nine and who leaves at six, and he will do it "off the reel" at once.

Those who use their margins are rich in all ways; those who do not, but who let hours and weeks and months pass by like derelict vessels floating on a sluggish stream, are poor in all ways.

Ask the first what they have gained?—A row of pearls would but ill emblemize the things they have accomplished and the reward they have earned.

Ask the other—emptiness and not so much as a handful of chaff to fill up the void of Nothingness!

WOMAN'S mission on earth is something grand and noble, and she should be loved, respected and cared for by all mankind, for her natural disposition should be as God intended, that of love, affection and virtue. For if she loves a man she will give her right hand to please him, and if she hates him she will give her right hand to avenge him. Thus she lives in one extreme or the other, seldom bringing her judicatory thoughts to bear; and once outside her mission for which she was created, she is justly compared with a hell in the midst of humanity.

IT is not altogether overwork that injures a man's capacity for labor Underwork is often quite as injurious. A tool that rusts by lying by very often gets as much harm as, and is apt to become almost more quickly worn out than, one that is kept in constant use. So that, if a man makes up his mind to do as little work as possible in the course of the day, he voluntarily inflicts upon himself a drawback of a similar nature to that which is imposed upon those who are compelled to overwork themselves.

EVERY man is not the proper champion for truth, or fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; many, from ignorance of these maxims, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender.

IT is the excess and not the nature of our passions which is perishable. Like the trees which grow by the tomb of Protesilaus, the passions flourish until they reach a certain height; but no sooner is that height attained than they wither away.

IT is not the people who shine in society, but the people who brighten up the home—not the people who are charming when they are out, but the people who are charming when they are in—that are good to live with.

LIFE is thick sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us.

IT does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

IT is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; nor can the two be separated with impunity.

KEEP doing—always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, mourning, talking, sighing and pining are idle and profitless employments.

A WISE man speaks but little.

The World's Happenings.

France has more than a quarter of a million carrier pigeons trained for war purposes.

During the last year 42 colleges received gifts of money amounting to $2,685,000.

St Louis claims to manufacture more wagons than any other city in the country.

A subscriber has presented the editor of the Dawson, Ga., News with a beet weighing 20 pounds.

A homing pigeon flew from Spartanburg South Carolina, to Baltimore, 420 miles, in 14 hours.

The discoveries made by Stanley show that the Nile is the longest river in the world, being at least 4100 miles in length.

A parrot, owned by a Kansas City barber, hangs in a cage in front of the establishment, and occasionally advises passersby to get their hair cut.

Dr Meredith, a Brooklyn preacher, has established a second reading-room for workingmen, where no restriction is placed on smoking cigars and pipes.

Geologists assert that if the continents and the bottom of the ocean were graded down to a uniform level the whole world would be covered with water a mile deep.

An extract from a parish magazine in England reads thus: "Unmarried workers are requested not to marry for some little time, as we cannot afford to lose their services, as we have lost many lately."

Out in Nevada telegraph poles in low places, where water stands in winter, are said to have taken root and to be covered with foliage. The poles are cottonwood, and were planted with the bark on them.

Bees swarmed from a hive at Quincy, Mich., and settled on their owner, Almon Ames, and an old horse he was driving. The horse was stung to death, but Mr. Ames, who is 70, will recover, although a very sick man.

John and Jacob Weber are still teaching a school which they opened in New Orleans in May, 1740, at which they have taught continuously, without a vacation, and with only 15 days' intermission in 50 years to permit of the repair of the building.

A German named Lilenthal, after experimenting for 23 years with artificial wings, has succeeded in raising himself, weighing 160 pounds, with the aid of a counter-weight, lifting 80 pounds. How to raise the other 80 pounds is still beyond him.

Harry Kiehler, a cornet player in the New York Casino orchestra, who shot himself recently, left several papers in which he expressed his disgust with his work, and among them was one suggestive expression: "Not to see painted faces is worth dying."

The narrowest dwelling house in Brooklyn is to be built this summer. It will measure 7½ by 50 feet. The lot upon which the building is to stand is in one of the best streets in the city, and has been thought by many to be almost worthless because of its small size.

Mr William Jordan, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., and Miss Marie Kepner, of Cincinnati, were married recently after an engagement of 30 years. When the war broke out Jordan enlisted and was badly wounded. His mother looked to him for support, and the marriage was postponed.

Bread and milk is one of the most popular dishes served for lunch at the Congressional restaurant in Washington. Glasses of pure cream or of half cream and half milk are greatly in demand among the Congressmen who come from cities, but they are avoided by the rural members.

A few days ago a bolt of lightning struck one of the shade trees in A. Harmon's yard, at Lincolnton, Ga. He had a wire clothes-line fastened to the tree and extending to his dairy-house. The bolt passed down the tree to the wire and followed that to its connection with the dairy, igniting the dairy and completely burning it up.

A fire company at Winsted Conn., being unable recently to get any but a small stream from the hose, made an examination and found about 8 inches of an eel's tail sticking out of the nozzle of the hose pipe. The nozzle was unscrewed from the hose, and the astonished firemen fished a live eel out of the pipe that weighed nearly three pounds.

Something remarkable happened to a cow near Sidney, Ohio, recently. There were two large trees close together on the edge of a clover field. A fence touched either tree, but the gap had no fence. The cow squeezed into the gap, and without passing through began to browse. She soon began to swell with gas generated by the green clover, and to get her out one of the trees had to be cut.

A bear that had been helping himself for three years to honey from an apiary at Wewahitchka, Fla., was killed one night recently. The buzzing of the bees and the sweetness of his repast so occupied brute's attention that he did not notice the approach of his slayers until too late to escape. He was a cute beast, nevertheless, for always on breaking into the apiary he smeared honey over his head and face to avoid being stung.

A citizen of Beliast, Me., was awakened about 4 o'clock the other morning by a strange noise, and on going to the window saw about 30 robins fighting a crow, which was trying to get at a robin's nest, in a near-by tree, containing some young birds. The robins finally drove off the crow. The man went down to the tree and found one young robin on the ground dead, while two others were safe in the nest. The crow was on a piratical expedition, and but for the valiant fight of the robins would have undoubtedly killed all the young.

One of the features of military drill in the Russian army is the training of soldiers to swim in battalions, at the same time using their weapons. At the recent annual military manœuvres, in the presence of the Czar, a fine exhibition of proficiency was given in this direction. A large force of infantry swam across a lake in full marching order, with the help of fascines made of reeds or rushes, or inflated sheepskins. At the same time they kept up lively fire on the boat of a supposed enemy who were disputing their passage.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

The sky is black with angry clouds
Just when the day is dying;
The gulls sweep by like ghosts in shrouds
Before the tempest flying.

But the fish, they say, are in the bay;
No matter then the weather!
For all must toil to reap the spoil
That keeps the home together.

Just like a busy hive of bees
In bustle and commotion,
So swarm both young and old to seize
The harvest of the ocean.

So blow, old wind! you are but kind
To bring such angry weather,
When all can toil to reap the spoil
That keeps the home together!

Anne Dennery.

BY A. S. C.

IT was about ten o'clock on a certain morning in late autumn when Mr. Plimmer, one of the travelling auditors of accounts in the employ of the South-Northern Railway Company, alighted from the train at Oakroyd station. He was a tall, lean, saturnine-looking man, between thirty and forty years of age, with a hard, dry manner, a somewhat rasping voice and a thin-lipped, close-shut mouth which few people ever saw lighted up with a smile.

The duty of Mr. Plimmer and his four or five co-workers was to travel from station to station, and audit the various ledgers, returns, cash statements and other matters of account pertaining to each; and afterwards to draw up a report embodying the result of their examination, and forward the same to their chief office in London.

Oakroyd was what is commonly called a roadside station, which is equivalent to saying that it accomodated no more important centre of population than a fair-sized village and its surroundings.

The station-agent was a middle-aged and refined-looking man, John Dennery by name; who, together with a youth to book passengers and attend to the telegraph instrument, and four porters, comprised the entire staff of the station.

John Dennery had been a station-master for a considerable number of years, and consequently was well acquainted with Mr. Plimmer. Having nothing to fear from the most thorough inspection of his books and cash matters, he could afford to meet the dreaded official with equanimity. All the same, he would much rather that his visit had fallen on some other day, being just then somewhat upset by certain domestic circumstances of an unpleasant kind. However, there was no help for it.

"I will be with you in three minutes, Mr. Plimmer," he said. 'The down train is just signalled."

"All right, Dennery," answered the other. "Don't hurry yourself. I know where to find what I want." And with that he crossed the platform, carrying his black bag in one hand and his umbrella in the other, and made his way to John's office.

At Oakroyd, as at so many other country stations, the offices and the station master's living rooms were comprised under one roof.

The former were two in number, one of them being the booking-office, and the other the room in which John transacted the multifarious indoor duties connected with his position. This room had three doors, one of them opening on the platform, one connecting it with the booking-office, and a third which gave access to the living-rooms.

The upper half of this latter door was of glass, so as to light the rather dark passage on which it opened, but it might almost as well have been made wholly of wood, seeing that the glass portion of it was shaded by a red moreen curtain.

When John Dennery entered the office he found that the auditor had a couple of ledgers open on the desk before him, and was comparing and checking sundry totals therein against a sheet of figures which he had brought with him from headquarters.

"I see that your daughter still lends you a hand now and then with your ledgers," said Mr. Plimmer. "At least, I judge the feminine writing which I find here and there to be hers."

"Yes, sir, that's Anne's writing," answered the delicate looking station master, whilst a vivid spot of color flamed for a moment in each of his cheeks. "My eyes have been rather weak of late, especially by gaslight, and if it had not been for her help, I hardly know how I should have managed sometimes to get my accounts sent in to date."

John seated himself at the writing table and proceeded to open the letters and invoices which had arrived by the morning train. Mr. Plimmer, his hard set face and keen eyes bent over the ledgers, went on with his checking. For a little while nothing was audible save an occasional rustle of paper or the monotonous scratching of a pen.

At length the auditor shut up the ledgers and turning to John, said: "And now, Mr. Dennery, if it's convenient to you, I will run through your goods cash and floating balance before beginning on the tickets and parcels."

John rose with alacrity. He was confident that his cash would be found correct to a fraction.

Having first handed the cash book to the auditor, he proceeded to open the safe and produced therefrom a wooden bowl half filled with money—gold, silver and copper being mixed together.

The bowl contained the cash received by John on account of the conveyance of goods-traffic between the noon of the previous day, when he had made his last remittance to bank, and the time of Mr. Plimmer's examination. The cash in question would be expected to tally with the total of the sums entered in the cash book. Five minutes sufficed to satisfy Mr. Plimmer that it did so.

Having written his initials in the cash book, Mr. Plimmer then returned the bowl and its contents to John. "And now for the floating balance," he said.

It here becomes needful to explain that what is termed the floating balance is a sum of money kept in hand in order to meet the various disbursements and liabilities which arise from day to day; the amount, of course, varying in accordance with the exigencies of each particular station. Thus, while at some places as much as a thousand pounds, or even more, is allowed, at the smallest class of stations ten pounds is deemed amply sufficient to meet all demands.

At the close of each month vouchers for all amounts which have been paid out during the proceeding four weeks are forwarded to the chief office, in return for which an equivalent amount of cash is sent to the station, so as to bring the "balance" up to the total of the sum allowed.

The amount allowed John Dennery as floating cash was forty pounds. Two days before Mr. Plimmer's visit he had received from head-quarters the sum needed to recoup him for his last month's disbursements.

The total of the vouchers he had paid out in the interim came to four pounds fifteen shillings, so that, in order to make up his forty pounds, it was requisite that he should be in a position to produce thirty-five pounds five.

John went to the safe for the second time and brought out in one hand a number of vouchers pinned together and in the other a canvas bag containing the money. These he placed before Mr. Plimmer, and then went quietly back to his work at the table. Silence reigned for five minutes.

At the end of that time Mr. Plimmer turned and faced John. "There seems to be something wrong here, Mr. Dennery," he said. "Either you have not given me the whole of the vouchers, or else not sufficient cash. The two together, instead of making forty pounds, make only fifteen."

A mistake indeed! John was by his side in a moment. "The vouchers come to four pounds fifteen," he said. "I went through them myself yesterday afternoon, and the balance of thirty five pounds was in the bag at the same time."

"Ten pounds five is all the bag contains now. On the face of it there is a deficiency of twenty-five pounds."

Without a word more John emptied the bag and counted the contents for himself.

Silver and copper together counted up to two pounds five shillings, which with eight sovereigns, the remaining contents of the bag, made up the sum specified by Mr. Plimmer.

John ran his hands through his sparse hair, and stared at the auditor like a man distraught. Then he made a dash at the safe, and going down on one knee, he ransacked every corner of it in some faint hope of finding the missing gold. Then he rose to his feet with a great gasp, and confronted Mr. Plimmer. "It's unaccountable—altogether unaccountable," he stammered. "I balanced myself up only yesterday afternoon, and there was then thirty-three sovereigns in the bag. I counted them twice over."

"Has the key of the safe been out of your keeping in the interim?"

"Not for a moment. I never allow anyone to have access to the safe but myself."

"Then, as you say, it is altogether unaccountable," remarked Mr. Plimmer in his dryest tone. And with that he took out his official note-book and proceeded, in his slow, deliberate way, to make an entry or two therein.

John had mechanically resumed his seat. His mind was in a whirl of amazement and perplexity. Ten minutes before, had he been in the habit of laying wagers, he would willingly have wagered a thousand pounds to one that Mr. Plimmer would have found his cash right to penny. But now——! He must be the victim of some monstrous hallucination, he told himself. Had the missing amount been spirited out of his safe by enchantment? It was certainly there yesterday, and just as certainly the key had never been out of his own keeping.

Then all at once a terrible suspicion pieced the confused maze of his thoughts like an arrow tipped with flame. He rose without a word, and left the office by way of the door which led to his own rooms.

Both sitting room and kitchen were empty. The twins were at school, and Anne had gone into the village to make some purchases.

Passing through the lower rooms, John went upstairs to a certain drawer in his bedroom in which he kept the duplicate key of the safe—a second key being allowed by the company in case the first one should get lost, mislaid, or stolen.

His suspicion was confirmed. The key was not there. It had been stolen, and who could the thief be but his own son, Launce, with whom he had had such a terrible quarrel only last evening.

Yes, he saw it all now. Launce had purloined the duplicate key in the course of the evening, and, later on, when the rest of the household were in bed, he had made his way into the office, had opened the safe, had taken twenty five sovereigns out of the bag, had re-locked the safe, and, some time in the course of the night, had quitted the house, taking the money with him.

Anne had told her father at breakfast that Launce's bed had not been slept in, but John, with the scene of the evening before fresh in his mind, had expressed no surprise.

He stood staring into the empty drawer for a little space, then he turned and left the room, and went downstairs with the dazed, stony glare and automatic movements of a man walking in his sleep.

When he next came back to a full consciousness of time and place he was standing in the tiny hall downstairs, and Anne was just coming in from her errands.

The moment she saw his ashen face and twitching lips, and his wide open eyes in which, just then, shone no light of recognition, she dropped her parcels and sprang to his side.

"What is it, father?" she gasped. "Are you ill, or have you heard bad news? Come in here and tell me."

She opened the sitting room door and drew him gently in.

At her bidding he seated himself on the little chintz-covered sofa, and Anne sat down beside him.

"What is it, father?" she asked, taking one of his nerveless hands in both hers.

Then speech came to him.

"Your brother has robbed me," he cried in the high, quavering voice of one whose emotion is overmastering him. "He has stolen twenty five pounds belonging to the company. The auditor has discovered the loss, and I am a ruined man—ruined and disgraced!"

At the last words he broke down. Bending forward he covered his face with his hands, and the next moment Anne saw the tears welling from between his fingers. Never had she seen her father so profoundly moved.

* * * * * * *

John Dennery was a widower and the father of four children. Of these Anne, his only daughter, was twenty two years old, while Launce was two years younger. Then, at a long interval, came the twins, Harty and Teddy, who at the time of which we write had attained the mature age of eight.

Their mother had died when they were two years old, since which time Anne had taken her place as far as it lay in her power to do so.

She had inherited her mother's firmness of will, and as she grew up her father had gradually fallen as completely under her mild rule—a rule which made itself felt, but never found expression in words—as he had been in years gone by under that of his wife. For John Dennery was one of those men who feel within themselves the need—although they may be only half conscious of it—of having a stronger personality than their own to lean upon and derive support from.

Without being exactly handsome, Anne Dennery was very pleasant to look upon. She had fine eyes and a winning smile. Hers was one of those faces in which goodness and intelligence seemed happily combined; the one you felt instinctively; the other recognized and accepted by the time you had been a quarter of an hour in her company.

By great good fortune, Launce Dennery at sixteen years of age had been found a position in the bank at Perrydene, a town about a dozen miles from Oakroyd.

Everything had gone well with him till about a year before the date of our story, at which time reports began to reach his father of the late hours he kept, of his fondness for cards and billiards, and of the dubious company he consorted with after business hours.

Heretofore he had been in the habit of spending his Sundays at home, running over by train on Saturday evening and returning early on Monday morning; but now he allowed a month, and sometimes longer, to elapse between his visits.

His father took him sharply to task, whereupon he made liberal promises of amendment, and as no further reports reached John, the latter became once more easy in his mind.

But, as it turned out afterwards, the improvement had been more apparent than real, the only change in Launce being that he now did in secret that which he had done openly before.

It was a terrible blow to John when one day the news reached him that Launce had been dismissed from his situation at the bank. There was nothing serious alleged against the young man; he was simply informed that his services would no longer be required.

It was not till a week later, by which time he had spent the greater part of the salary which had been paid him on his dismissal, that he had appeared at home. Then had ensued the scene between father and son of which mention has been made.

John Dennery was mild to temperd to a degree and slow to anger; but, like most men of his calibre, when once roused his passion was apt to carry him away and to cause him to pass the limit which a strong-minded man would have imposed on himself.

Launce, who had long wished to go abroad, had begged hard for enough money to pay his passage to the New World and to find him in food and lodging for a few weeks after landing. To this request his father had answered:

"I utterly refuse to help you in any way. Now that you have disgraced yourself, it matters not to me whether you go abroad or stay in England; but in neither case need you look for money from me; nor, after to-night, will this roof be your home."

And so the two had parted in mutual anger.

If the younger man, instead of flinging out of the house in a passion as hot as his father's, had gone to his sister, and had told her all that had passed, that wise counsellor would have bidden him keep out of his father's sight for the next twenty-four hours, and leave the rest to her. Or, if John Dennery, instead of saying, "I refuse to help you," had said, "I cannot help you, because I have not the means of doing so," none of the after trouble, in all probability, would have come to pass.

When Launce Dennery preferred his request for money to take him abroad, he was under the full belief that his father had what, for a man of his income, might be deemed a very considerable amount put away.

Till within a year before, Launce had often taken a sly peep at his father's bank book, for John never thought of locking anything away from his children, and the young man had not failed to notice that as often as the monthly pay day came round, so surely was the amount increased, though it might be only by a pound or thirty shillings at a time.

Neither had he failed to remember that on the last occasion when he peeped into the book the amount standing to his father's credit was something over one hundred and thirty pounds.

Thus, in asking for help to carry him abroad, he had felt that he was asking for no more than his father was in a position to grant, if only it should please him to do so.

But what neither he nor Anne knew or suspected, was that of the hundred and thirty pounds which had stood in their father's name a year before, not one farthing was now left.

The fact was that John Dennery, like

many thousands of other small capitalists, had been allured by one of those specious advertisements with which the newspapers abound from day to day into investing the whole of his savings in the stock of a certain bogus company, which professed to guarantee its shareholders twelve per cent. to begin with, and held out the additional bait of a prospective bonus at the close of each year. One dividend John did receive; but a month or two later the company collapsed, and as far as the shareholders were concerned, nothing was saved. It was a heavy blow, but John kept his own counsel, and breathed no word of his loss to anyone. It was the first time that he had had a secret from his daughter.

* * * * * *

Her father's announcement was a shock to Anne Dennery such as in the whole of her young life she had never experienced before.

Her brother Launce, whom she had never ceased to love in spite of his faults, a——But no, she could not speak the hateful word, even to herself! And then the ruin and disgrace which her father had said must surely follow! It seemed like some horrible nightmare or ghastly phantasmal dream. But there were her father's tears, and the sobs he could not repress, to lend a terrible emphasis to his words.

Presently, her arm stole round his waist, and she drew her head down till it rested on her shoulder, where her warm, soft cheek nestled against it, which, of itself, was infinitely soothing to the stricken man. She felt that he would be calmer and better for having given inarticulate vent to his feelings, and for some minutes neither of them spoke.

At length Anne said: "What makes you think, father, that it was Launce who took the money?"

John had grown calmer by this time. "Because no one but he had the means of obtaining access to the safe. The duplicate key which I kept upstairs is missing." And with that he went on to tell her what we know already.

With a little shiver at her heart, Anne called to mind the fact that she had heard her brother's footsteps descending the stairs sometime in the middle of the night, but had been too sleepy to do more than vaguely wonder what he could be doing out of bed at that untimely hour.

Presently she said: "What will the auditor do now that he has discovered the loss?"

"His first step will be to report the affair to the head office. To-morrow, or next day, will come an order for my suspension. A few days later I shall be summarily dismissed the service—dismissed, too, without a character, which, at my time of life, means nothing less than utter ruin."

"Supposing you were to explain by what means the money is missing?" said Anne, tentatively.

"The first effect of that would be to cause the detectives to be put on your brother's track; and the result, if he were taken, which in all likelihood he would be, a sentence of penal servitude."

A little cry of dismay broke from Anne. "No; vile and unprincipled as your brother may be, I cannot do that," continued John. "How could I bear to meet his mother in the next world with that on my conscience? He is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone, and I must take on myself the burden of his guilt."

"But, father, why not make up the deficiency before the auditor sends in his report? You have been saving up for years—you have more than once told me so—and there must surely be more than enough in the bank to cover the sum taken by Launce."

A deep flush overspread John Dennery's features as he falteringly and unhesitatingly told of his loss. Ah, how bitter a confession it was for a father to make to his child!

After sitting awhile in silence, Anne rose. The twins would be home from school presently, and no preparations for dinner had yet been made. "Father," she said, as she stooped and kissed him, "don't let us give up hope. All may yet be well. This may be sent us for a trial, and——"

"If anyone else than Launce had taken the money," broke in John; "anyone else than he!"

John Dennery went back to the office, where he found Mr. Pilmmer still busy at work. John had been away about half an hour.

"Well, Mr. Dennery, and what have you succeeded in making out about the twenty-five pounds?' asked the auditor in his dry, precise voice.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," answered John, with a dejected shake of the head. "All I can say is that the money was there yesterday afternoon, and that it's not there now."

"Also that you are not in a position to account for its disappearance?"

"Also that I am not in a position to account for its disappearance."

Mr. Pilmmer pursed up his lips, but no sound came from them. Then, without further comment he resumed his work.

The day wore on. There was nothing much doing at the station during the afternoon, so about two o'clock John took his hat and stick and went for a solitary walk in the meadows.

His head ached and his heart was inconceivably sore. Indoors he felt stifled. Solitude and open air would do something towards reviving him.

It was about half-past two when Anne, excited by a feeling of curiosity which she could not have explained, went softly along the passage which divided the house part from the office, and applied her eye to a tiny hole in the curtain which shaded the upper half of the door.

This hole, which her father was quite cognizant of Anne used for ascertaining whether her father was engaged with anyone, thereby saving her from intruding upon him except when he was alone. Looking through it now, she had a full view of Pilmmer, who was standing with his back towards her, busily writing.

Presently he brought his task to an end, and then, while the few last lines he had written were drying, he make ready to take a press copy of the document. Could it be the report, Anne asked herself, of which her father had made mention?

As soon as Mr. Pilmmer had taken the press copy, he proceeded to tear it out of the book, and then hung the wet sheet over a gaspipe to dry; after that he enclosed the original in an envelope which he had previously addressed. Taking the envelope and its enclosure between his thumb and finger he then left the office by the door which opened on the platform.

The moment he was gone Anne entered. Through the wire blind of the side window she could see Mr. Pilmmer walking up the platform towards Mark Izod, the foreman porter, who was standing at the far end talking to a stranger.

It was the work of a few seconds for Anne to snatch the copy off the gaspipe, and read what was impressed thereon. The communication was addressed to one of the leading officials of the line, and ran as under:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to have to inform you that my investigation at this station has brought to light a deficiency of twenty five pounds in the floating balance, which Dennery, the agent, is either unable, or unwilling to account for. My audit is not yet completed, but, as far as I have gone, the rest of the accounts and cash matters appear to be correct. I presume that you will at once send someone to take over the charge of the station. Meanwhile, I await instructions. Yours Respectfully,

"W. B. PILMMER."

When the auditor came back, three minutes later, the office was empty and the press copy, to all appearance, exactly as he had left it, except that it was now dry. He folded it up and put it with his other papers in his black bag, which he proceeded to lock.

Leaving the bag where it was, he went out and accosted Mark Izod for the second time. "I'm going into the village," he said. "Should Mr. Dennery inquire for me, tell him I shall be back in about an hour." With that he went.

Scarcely was he clear of the station before Anne came out of the house and went up to Mark.

"Did Mr. Pilmmer leave any message for my father?" she asked.

Mark told her the message. Then she said: "What was it he wanted to see you about the first time?"

"He gave me this letter," answered Mark as he extracted the document from his jacket pocket; "and told me to be sure to give it to the guard of the 3.20 up—and I'm due off duty for my three hours' rest twenty minutes before that time," said the foreman-porter with an aggrieved air.

"If you like to entrust me with the letter, I will see that it is forwarded," said Anne, her heart beginning to beat painfully.

"Thank you, miss. I should be glad if you would." And with that he handed her the letter.

She put the fatal missive in her pocket and went back indoors. Presently her father came in from his walk. His nerves had in some measure recovered their tone, but his features had a strained and worn expression which was new to them, and there was a look in his eyes which made his daughter's heart ache.

Anne gave him Mr. Pilmmer's message, and then she said: "Father, if the money could be made up before the auditor's report reached the head office, would it not save you from being suspended?"

"I—my dear—if. Where's the use of talking in that way? The money cannot be made up."

"But just to assume for a moment that it could."

"In that case I don't know what might be the result. Nothing more than a reprimand, perhaps. Of course the one great thing is to make up the money—that done, I could pull through everything else. But, as I said before, where's the use of talking?" He sighed deeply and went away into the office.

Anne sat for a long time without stirring, one hand clasped tightly in the other. Her lips were hard-set and for the time every atom of color had died from her face. Was there no way of saving her father?

Then she answered her own question by telling herself that there was one way, and one only, by which it could be done. It would cut her to the quick, it would humiliate her as she had never been humiliated before, to have to do it; but not to do it meant more, far more, than any suffering which the doing of it might subject her to. Should the worst come, for herself she should fear nothing.

She knew that she could always earn her living, if not in one way, then in another; but she knew equally well that she could never earn enough money to keep her father and the two children in however humble a way.

Her father was too advanced in life and knew too little of anything outside the sphere of railway work to allow of his even hoping to obtain another situation, besides which there would be the indelible stain on his character.

No home other than the workhouse stared them in the face, and she knew full well what that meant. For her father it meant a broken heart. It would kill him as surely as if he had been the victim of some fatal accident.

"It must be done. There is no other way—none," said Anne at length, with a sob in her voice, as she rose and went about her household duties, the light of a great resolution shining in her eyes.

The 3:20 up train came and went in due course, but did not take Mr. Pilmmer's report with it.

When five o'clock came, Mr. Pilmmer put away his books and papers. Turning to John, he said: "I shall sleep at Perrydene to-night, and be back here soon after nine to-morrow. By that time, Mr. Dennery, you may perhaps be in a position to explain what has become of the missing cash."

John shook his head. "I am sadly afraid, sir, that I shall not be able to give you any more information in the morning than I have given you already."

"It is an unfortunate affair—most unfortunate," answered the auditor. "That is my train, I believe, just coming in."

John went about during the rest of the evening like a man in a dream. He found it impossible to settle down to any of his ordinary work in the office.

He attended to his duties on the platform, seeing the trains in and out, almost as though he were an automaton, going through a pre-arranged series of movements.

Over everything there rested an air of reality. He found it impossible to realize in thought that in a few days hence the station he loved so well, where his two little boys had been born, and where his wife had died, would, in all likelihood, know him no more—that in fact he might no longer have a roof to call his own. How would he be able to bear it when the time came?—how live through it all?

When it was dark Anne put on her hat and jacket, and merely telling her father that she had an errand in the village, she went out and shut the door softly behind her.

Her heart was sore within her. Never in her life had such a task been set her as that which confronted her to night. She walked quickly, looking neither to right nor left, seeing no one, going over and over again that inward struggle which never ended but to begin afresh.

Every minute or two her set lips moved, and anyone who could have listened might have heard her heart say the same words not once, but many times: "There is no other way!"

She went right through the village till she reached a new red brick house at the further end, which stood a little way back in its own grounds, and was evidently the abode of someone tolerably well-to-do.

Passing through the shrubbery, Anne went up to the front door and rang the bell. "Is Mr. Cleghorn at home?" she asked of the servant who responded to the summons. Having received an answer in the affirmative, she said: "Will you please tell him Anne Dennery is here, and wishes to speak to him."

Two minutes later she was shown into the room which Mr. Cleghorn designated his study. Half an hour later she left the house, carrying a tiny parcel tightly clutched in one hand.

There was a short way home through the fields, and she turned in by the stile which led to it. At that hour it was as lonely as a road could be; but Anne had no fears; utter solitude was what her heart was crying out for.

She sped along the narrow path which was faintly outlined in the starlight, a strange confluence of emotions at work within her, which alternately swayed her this way and that.

At one moment a sort of pathetic gladness held possession of her. Her father was saved, their home would not be taken from them, on the morrow the black cloud which had threatened to engulf them would vanish into thin air. A few moments later a shudder would go through her from head to foot when she called to mind the price at which she had bought all this. How hard and cruel life seemed; a terrible enigma of which death alone held the key.

When about half way home she came to another stile, at which she stopped to rest for a minute or two, but scarcely had she come to a halt when her overburdened heart gave way.

There, in the darkness and solitude, with the soft whispers of the night wind coming and going about her, she wept unrestrained by all those years were no more tears to shed. As she went on her way again she blessed the darkness, which covers up so much that all of us would fain keep hidden.

On reaching home she let herself in, and went at once to her room. Then, having bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, she took the tiny parcel in her hand and went down to her father.

He was seated in his usual corner by the fire, in a dejected attitude, his pipe, which he had allowed to go out before it was half-smoked, held loosely in one hand.

He took not the slightest notice when Anne entered the room; she could not tell whether he was conscious of her presence or not. Going behind him, she laid one hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Father," she said, speaking with a little catch in her voice, "here is the money: twenty-five sovereigns, which a friend has been kind enough to lend us. You will be able to give them to the auditor in the morning, and—and now that the money is made up, of course everything will come right and you will have nothing to fear."

John Dennery stood up, staring at the little packet of gold which Anne had placed in his hand, and then letting his gaze travel to his daughter's face. His lips moved, but no sound came from them.

* * * * * *

It was a certain Mr. Silas Cleghorn from whom Anne Dennery had borrowed the twenty-five pounds.

Mr. Cleghorn was about forty years old, and was a builder in a large way of business. His office and works were at Perrydene, to and from which place he went most days, either by railway or by gig.

By a combination of energy and shrewdness, he had worked his way up from the position of bricklayer's assistant, till now, those who knew most of his affairs averred that he could not be worth less than twenty-thousand pounds.

He was not a hard hearted man by any means, but in all his dealings through his life he had been in the habit of getting full value for his money, and as much more as he possibly could.

He was not at all averse from doing a kind action, especially if it were one which showed well in the eyes of the world, but he looked for an equivalent of some kind in return.

If one of those to whom he had done a kindness could do was to blow Mr. Cleghorn's trumpet with might and main. If there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was having to hide his light under a bushel.

Such was the man who, on stepping out of the train one day at Oakroyd station, slipped, fell, and twisted his ankle. He was carried into the station master's rooms, and upwards of a week elapsed before he could be removed to his own house, during which time he was waited on by Anne Dennery.

He had long since persuaded himself that it was time to think of taking a wife, and he had not failed mentally to appraise sundry spinsters and widows of his acquaintance, all of them more or less well endowered, without, however, being able to decide which of them he should honor by asking her to become Mrs. Cleghorn, and by graciously consenting to consolidate her fortune with his own.

But he had not been up more than three days before he had made up his mind, not without a sharp wrench to his pride, to ask the station master's penniless daughter to become his wife. As his eyes followed her about admiringly he would murmur to to himself: "That's the young woman for my money! She shall be Mrs. C. before she's three month's older."

Not often in his life had Silas Cleghorn been balked of anything he had set his heart on, but he was in this instance. It is enough to say that he proposed and was rejected, some what, it may be, to John Dennery's secret disappointment, who would dearly have liked to see his daughter mistress of the Mallows, with her own carriage to drive out in and her own servants to give orders to.

All things considered, Mr. Cleghorn took his rejection in very good part. "Young girls don't always know their own minds," he said, with a short, hard laugh, and a lowering of his heavy brows. "I shan't take your answer as final, Miss Anne. I'll try my luck again in three months' time."

"It won't be any use, Mr. Cleghorn—indeed it won't," Anne had responded.

"I'm none so sure of that. At any rate, I'll wait and see."

The three months of which he had spoken had not yet come to an end.

And it was to this man that Anne had gone to seek the help she knew he was so well able to afford, if only he were so minded, and which she knew not where else to look for.

Of the interview between the two it is not needful that we should speak in detail. Mr. Cleghorn saw his opportunity, and he did not fail to seize it. He would not have been the man he was had he omitted to do so.

He agreed to advance the money on one condition, and on one only. If, at the expiration of two months, the sum were not repaid, Anne Dennery was to become his promised wife.

There was no other possibility of saving her father. Disgrace—ruin—the workhouse: her vivid imagination bodied forth the direful sequence.

She seemed to feel the clinging arms of Barty and Teddy round her neck, and their warm kisses on her cheek. Could she ever forgive herself should any harm happen to them? There had been a few moments of silent, bitter communing; then turning to Mr. Cleghorn, her eyes charged with a pathos more expressive than words, she had simply said:

"I agree to your terms."

It was only a week ago that Harry Inglis had asked her to be his wife, and if she had not said Yes, neither had she said No. It was only the thought of her father and the twins, and the duty she owed to them, which had kept back the word she would fain have spoken, for the loved Harry better than he knew. But now her little romance, of which the first pages had seemed so sweet, was shut forever, and her heart cried out in anguish that it should be so.

Anne had still the intercepted report in her keeping, and through all her more personal troubles, her conscience kept pricking her with doubts as to how far she was justified by the circumstances of the case in acting as she had. So overpowering did these doubts at length become, that she went down to the platform when the first up train was due, soon after six o'clock in the morning, and herself gave Mr. Pilmmer's report into charge of the guard.

That official arrived in due course shortly after nine o'clock.

"Ah, Mr. Dennery, I see that you have

good news for me," he said the moment he set eyes on John.

"Yes, sir; the best of news. The money has been found, I'm thankful to say. Here it is in the safe, sir, if you'll be good enough to verify the fact."

"It is no part of my duty to ask you how you have come by the money—whether you had mislaid it for the time being, or whether it was lost in reality—it is sufficient for me to satisfy myself that it is there. But it is a pity, a very great pity, that it was not forthcoming before I sent in my report. However, Dennery, you may rely upon my doing my best to smooth matters over for you."

He spoke in a more sympathetic tone than the other had believed him capable of. John looked at him with grateful surprise.

Mr. Pilmmer went at once into the next office, where was the telegraph instrument, and himself despatched the following message to the official to whom his report had been addressed:

"Use my report of yesterday. Cash forthcoming this morning. Wire instructions."

In the course of half an hour came the following reply:

"No report to hand re Oakroyd station. At a loss to know your meaning. Return by first train and explain."

Mr. Pilmmer in great perturbation, went in search of Mark Izod, but the foreman-porter happened to have gone into the village to collect an account, and as the next up-train was presently due, he was compelled to bottle up his indignation and take it away with him.

A quarter of an hour later he was gone, but not without having scattered a few crumbs of comfort before he went. He would do all that in him lay for an old servant like Dennery, he said, whom heretofore he had found so straightforward and correct in all matters affecting the Company.

It was on Wednesday evening that Anne Dennery went to the Mallows to see Mr. Cleghorn, and it was on the following Friday night, between eleven and twelve, that she was roused from one of her sorrowful reveries by the noise of something thrown against her bedroom window. Her candle had been extinguished some time, and naturally she was a little bit startled; but she rose at once, opened the casement, and looked out. The she saw someone below, in the starlight, whom she failed to recognize.

"Don't be alarmed; it is I—Launce," said a voice in semi tones. "Open the door for me, but on no account let my father know I'm here till I've had a talk with you."

Anne hurried on a few clothes and admitted her brother. She was so moved by what he had to tell her, that, late as the hour was, she insisted on calling her father.

What Launce had to tell was to the following purport:

He admitted at once that it was he who had taken the twenty-five pounds, and that he had obtained access to the safe by means of the duplicate key.

But when he took it he felt fully confident in his own mind that the loss of it would cause no serious inconvenience, believing as he did, that his father had close upon a hundred and fifty pounds put away in the bank.

His intention had been to go out to the Diamond Fields where, like five out of every six young men who go there, he hoped before long to make his fortune and to be able to recoup his father twenty times over the amount he had now taken.

On his way from the port from which he had intended to sail, the train in which he was travelling had come into collision with another train, the lamentable consequences being that several people were killed, among others being two in the same compartment with Launce.

Strange to say, he had escaped with nothing more serious than a severe shaking and a few bruises. So overcome, however, was he with the dreadful scene of which he was perforce a spectator, and so impressed was he with the providential nature of his escape, that the moment he could get away he had turned his face homeward, intent only on restoring the money and begging his father's forgiveness.

Of the twenty five pounds taken by him he had brought back twenty-three, the remainder having been disbursed for fares and expenses.

Over the thankfulness of John Dennery we will not linger—thankfulness not merely for the restoration of the money, but in that his son had been taught a lesson he was not likely to forget as long as he lived; for it is almost needless to add that Launce was thoroughly shocked when he learnt how nearly his reckless act, to call it by no harsher term, had proved the ruin of his father.

Anne Dennery's heart was chanting a paean of joy when in the golden autumnal light of the following evening she took the path through the fields on her way to repay Mr. Cleghorn his twenty-five pounds.

It had grown dark by the time she set out on her return. By the strangest chance in the world, when she reached the first stile, who should be leaning over it but Harry Inglis. Of course he could do no other than to offer to see her through the meadows. As to what passed between them on the way the present deponent has no authentic knowledge; all he can vouch for is that when at length Anne reached home her brother stared at her in surprise.

"Why, Nance, what's over the matter with you," he exclaimed. "I never saw you with such a color before."

John Dennery was summoned to attend at the manager's office on the following Tuesday, and there asked to explain how it happened that he was not in a position to produce his cash balance in full when called upon by Mr. Pilmmer to do so. Then John, knowing the man he had to deal with, made a frank confession of all the circumstances of the case.

"You can go back to your station as soon as you like, Dennery," said the manager good humoredly when John had brought his narrative to an end. "I think it is scarcely necessary for me to impress upon you the need for taking better care of your duplicate key in time to come."

Launce, in the course of a month or two, found another situation, since which time, as he says of himself, he has "turned over a fresh leaf."

Nor does there seem any present likelihood that, except in memory, he will ever turn back to that blotted page, from which, for his ultimate good as it proved, he was compelled to learn so severe a lesson.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A FEW of the most noteworthy instances in which the extreme penalty of the law has been meted out to innocent persons, owing to the likeness they bore to criminals, will show how easily one can be mistaken.

In the year 1749 a man named Coleman, who was a brewer's clerk, was executed on Kennington Common for the murder of Sarah Greene. She had been set upon by several persons, and received such severe injuries that she died shortly after, but not before she had positively identified Coleman as the leader of the gang which had assaulted her.

In spite of his protestations of innocence, Coleman was hanged for the murder of Sarah Greene.

Two years after his execution the real perpetrators of the crime were discovered, and two of them were condemned to death. The discovery, however, came too late to be of any assistance to the unfortunate man who had been hurried out of the world under the stigma of their crime.

In 1797 a bookseller, named Martin Clinch, and James Mackley, a printer, were put to death for the murder of Mr. Fryer.

The deceased man had been attacked while walking with his cousin, Miss Ann Fryer, and it was upon her testimony that Clinch and Mackley were condemned.

Though they were both able to bring forward strong testimony refuting the charge made against them, Miss Fryer was so positive of their identity with the murderers of her cousin that her assertions were allowed to overbalance every point in favor of the accused men.

After some years had passed, the real murderers of Mr. Fryer came forward and made a full confession of their crime. The records state that they were both hanged, but nothing is said as to whether Miss Fryer was alive at the date of their confession. If so, her remorse at having sworn away the lives of two perfectly innocent men must have rendered the remainder of her existence very wretched.

Another case of the kind which occurred in the last century, and which was much talked of at the time, was that of Mr. Frank Douglass, who was fortunate enough to emerge scatheless from the accusation brought against him.

He was arrested on a charge of highway robbery; the victim made the most positive assertions as to his identity, and there is no doubt that he would have been hanged but for the providential arrest of the real culprit, a notorious evildoer named Page, on another charge. The man who had asserted that Mr. Douglass had robbed him happened to be at Newgate when this well-known thief was brought there; he was at once struck with the wonderful resemblance between Page and Mr. Douglass was proved to be entirely innocent, and Page took his place on the scaffold.

Habitues of the theatre will remember that the Lyons Mail turns upon a case of mistaken identity.

Probably, however, they will not know that the incidents dealt with in this powerful play are founded upon fact.

Briefly told, the case from which the drama originated was as follows:—On May the 27th, 1796, the Lyons Mail was stopped by four highwaymen. The courier and the postillion attempted to defend their charge, but were killed and the mail was robbed. This daring crime caused a great deal of excitement, and every effort was made to capture the highwaymen who had committed it.

A young man named Lesurques, who belonged to a good family, and was the possessor of a considerable amount of property, was arrested for it.

The servants of an inn at which the highwaymen had stopped to refresh themselves identified him as the leader of the band.

Others came forward and gave their testimony, and Lesurques was sworn to by nine persons in all.

He proved an alibi which alone should have been sufficient to have cleared him from the accusation; and in addition to this a woman presented herself who swore that the real criminal was a man named Dubosc, whom she knew intimately.

Her testimony was not, however, regarded any more favourably than that of the persons who had helped Lesurques to prove his alibi, and he was convicted and executed.

Five years later, Dubosc was arrested for his complicity in another offence. The question of his having been mentioned in connection with the robbery of the Lyons Mail then cropped up, and the nine witnesses whose testimony had caused Lesurques to be condemned were confronted with him.

They were unanimous in declaring that he resembled the leader of the highwaymen just as strongly as Lesurques had, and eventually it was proved that he had been the real culprit.

This case was rendered more than usually remarkable by the fact that Dubosc and Lesurques had scars on their foreheads and hands in precisely similar positions.

It was the positive manner in which the witnesses had sworn to these scars that had sealed the fate of Lesurques, and had rendered of no avail the testimony he adduced as to his having been elsewhere at the time the murder and robbery were committed.

Another famous French case of mistaken identity, which happily did not terminate in so tragic a manner was that of Martin Guerre, which came before the Parliament of Toulouse, in 1560.

For some reason or another Martin Guerre took it into his head to absent himself from his home for a period of eight years. He was a married man with a considerable amount of property, but left both wife and lands without any intimation of his intention.

An adventurer named Arnauld Dutille conceived the idea of impersonating the absentee, to whom he bore a remarkable resemblance. He established himself in Guerre's house, was received by the missing man's wife, and aroused no suspicion in the minds of his four sisters and the husbands of two of them.

Dutille's plot prospered wonderfully, and he was apparently settled for life when some dispute arose about his identity. The matter assumed large proportions, and hundreds of witnesses were examined with regard to it.

Fifty or so of them were most positive in their assertions that the man was no other than Martin Guerre, and many others expressed the same opinion in more guarded terms.

An equal number avowed their belief that the man was Arnauld Dutille, and many asserted that the resemblance between the two men was so extraordinary as to preclude them from expressing any decided opinion either way.

Just when the dispute was at its height, Martin Guerre turned up, and here one would naturally suppose that the matter would have ended. Nothing of the kind, however, for Dutille stuck to his guns, and vowed that Guerre was an impostor.

Eventually he was turned out by the real master of the home in which he had ensconced himself, but to the end many people believed that he was a deeply-injured man. It is impossible to help suspecting that Madame Guerre must have known more about the identity of the impostor than she had chose to reveal.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.—According to a current paragraph here s how they got their name: "Years and years ago the original father of the Blackfeet had three sons. The eldest was named Peeganah, or the rich man. The second was called Keno, or the bloody man. The third was not named. Nothing but ill luck followed the unnamed son, and he was looked upon as a Jonah. One day he told his father that his misfortune was due to the fact that he had no name. His father, who was about to light his pipe with a piece of burning wood, drew the charred stick across the boy's foot. A black mark was left on the son's moccasin. When the father saw that he said: 'You shall be called Blackfoot.' From that time Blackfoot had the best of luck, and when he passed away the Blackfeet were the most powerful tribe of Indians in the world."

A NOVEL suit for assault and battery has been brought against a Pittsburger. While playing with a child he rubbed his stubby beard across her chin and cheeks, making them so sore that the services of a physician were necessary. He promised to pay the doctor's bill, it is said, but now refuses to do so, hence the suit.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"What becomes of all the stale candy?" was asked a well known confectioner. "It is made up into fresh candy. There is not an ounce of waste about confectionery. You like chocolate caramels? Well, they contain more scraps than other candy. They are especially adapted for this on account of their dark color. They were first made by a confectioner who received the inspiration from his great stock of stale sweets."

The late Hon. Samuel Adams Turner, of Norwell, possessed a unique interest to the student of our early history. His death removes the last link of a very short chain which connected us with the pilgrims. Mr. Turner, who was born in 1794, remembered Ebenezer Cobb—"Father Cobb," as he was called—who died in the first year of this century, at the age of 107, and who knew the children of the passengers of the Mayflower. So in the three lives—Peregrine White, Ebenezer Cobb and Samuel Adams Turner—the entire 270 years of New England's existence was represented.

The London "Financial News" says: "Up to the present day Vanderbilt's check for 13 500 000, was erroneously supposed to be the largest ever drawn. This has been eclipsed, as one drawn by the Indian and Peninsula Railroad Company for $6 250 000, on the London and County Bank of London, has just passed through the Clearing House. In 1868 the Pennsylvania Railroad drew a check in favor o Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co. for over $14 000 000, in payment of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock. This check was framed and hung up in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

A lively wide-awake parrot soared away a gang of burglars in Providence, R. I., the other night. "They began operations on a house on Wendell street, and after trying several windows on the lower floor, one gained an entrance to the kitchen by prying out a wire screen. A man and his wife slept just off the kitchen, and the robber had just reached the door of their room, when the parrot, in the kitchen, began to cry 'Look out!' 'Look out!' 'Who is it?' This awakened the wife, thinking he was her stepfather, spoke to him. Receiving no answer, she called her husband, but he was too late to catch the intruder, who jumped out the window and ran off."

A Providence paper is responsible for the story that a wealthy jeweller of this city, while dining in a restaurant, emphasized a remark by striking the table with his fists. A valuable diamond he wore on his finger disappeared with the blow, and, though the place was carefully searched, the stone could not be found. Soon after the hunt had been abandoned a customer named Spencer was served with a piece of strawberry short cake, and as he passed his knife through it it struck something hard. With a jocular remark to the waiter in attendance the obstruction was removed and proved to be the lost diamond. It was returned to the owner."

The clerk of a well-known New York hotel proved a day or two ago that he possesses a sharp, quick eye. A young business man from the West handed him a $100 bill in payment of a small account. "I cannot accept this," replied the clerk to the astonished young man, who had taken the note from a large roll of bills received from a bank in his native town. "It is not signed by the President of the bank." Investigation proved his statement true. The note was issued by one of the national banks of Stockton, Cal. It was signed by the cashier of the bank, but the space reserved for the signature of the President was blank. The note bore evidence of use, and perhaps had been in circulation for a number of years.

Which class of our population is the most addicted to reading? Some interesting light is thrown on this question by the latest report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee. Among other tables therein given is one showing the occupations of borrowers admitted during 1889. Here are some of the figures: Scholars and students, 1392; clerks and bookkeepers, 1138; errand and office boys, 901; teachers, 276; shop assistants, 200; jewellers, 216; compositors and printers, 192; milliners and dressmakers, 100. Almost at the bottom of the list come journalists, 6; news agents, 3; and reporters, 2. Is this because they have libraries of their own, or because the people who write in newspapers lose the taste for reading books?

Our Young Folks.

TIRED OF THE SEA.

BY MARCUS FALL.

"I'M TIRED of the sea," said Tom Grump, the well know sprat, to a group of his fellows as they were one day shoaling about the coast with nothing particular in their minds.

"Then why don't you leave it and try the land?" said Neddie, another well known sprat, with a smile.

Sprats smile as dogs do, by wagging their tails. Neddie, partly out of affection and partly because of his great stoutness was called Neddie the Lump.

"If you only joined a travelling show and played the part of the hen on the hot griddle, you'd make your fortune and be sure to marry well," said Neddie, standing on his head privately in the water which is the sprat's way of winking, for, having no eyelids they cannot express slyness in a reasonable manner.

"You'd make your fortune," said Tom Grump scornfully, "if you hired yourself out as a decoy to a cat's-meat man. Anyway, I'm tired of the lot of you and the sea, and I've made up my mind to give up the foolish salt water and take to the fresh."

With these words Tom Grump turned into a small river and scuttled away from his companions and playmates.

When the other sprats saw Tom break from them and swim off, the whole shoal set up a cheer and dashed out to sea at the top of their speed, gambolling and playing leap frog and tag as they went, for they were all delighted to get rid of Tom, who always declared himself discontented with the lot of a sprat, and was ever dissatisfied and hankering after being a whale or a walrus, or something else for which he was in no way fitted, either in body or in mind.

The fact is, Tom was conceited beyond endurance.

He thought because he was a little better educated than his fellows, that they were not good enough company for him. He was eaten up by the pride of intellect, and gave himself such airs that he was quite intolerable.

At first the fresh water of the river tasted flat and unpleasant, but he rose to the surface and took a great gulp of air to give him courage, and swelled himself out with it to make him look important; for he wished to seem comely and of consequence to all fresh water fish except the pike, of whom he stood in dread.

He then made his toilet by arranging his gills carefully, as a gentleman arranges his whiskers before going into polite society.

"Appearances," he said to himself, "make the sprat."

So he now set off in search of a certain river plant, which he had learned would greatly improve the good looks of any sprat visiting fresh waters.

After journeying up the river some miles and just as he was beginning to feel hungry, he turned into a narrow stream, and there, to his great satisfaction, discovered the herb he sought growing in great plenty.

He ate eagerly of it, and found to his surprise and delight that, not only did a marvellous change for the better take place in his personal appearance, but that his mind became soothed and cheered. He looked at his tail and back and found the old blue scaly armor had changed into plates of burnished deep yellow.

"Why," said he, frisking about an old empty blacking bottle lying at the bottom of the stream, "no one would know me now from a golden carp, and I feel as light-hearted as foam. I mean to forget the dreary, dismal sea, and to enjoy life."

In his old element, the sea, Tom Grump was a cautious, even a suspicious sprat; but breathing the thin fresh water made him giddy, and his splendid new coat turned his head altogether.

"It does not at all suit a fellow of my spirit and jacket to be called Tom Grump; I change my name here and now, and henceforth I shall be known as Golden Thomas."

Now the strange thing about these vain and conceited thoughts is that they filled his mind, while he floated close to the empty blacking bottle.

If he had left in him a grain of his old seafaring sense, he would have known at once that he moved in troubled waters near that blacking bottle.

For it stands to reason that a blacking bottle cannot exist without a man, and every well-informed member of the herring family knows man is not always disposed to let even homely sprats go by, much less splendid coated gold fishes.

"Now suppose," said he, as he looked into the wide open mouth of the bottle, "one of those cruel, terrible and voracious pikes should leave in sight, it would be diverting to let him come quite close, and then, as he made sure of toothsome me, just dart into the bottle and leave him outside to admire his ugly snout in the glaze, while I should be comfortable within. I could then laugh at him to my hearts content. I say," said he full of daring and levity, "let me see how the thing looks inside."

In an instant he disappeared from view, and not even the end of his tail was visible beyond the neck of the bottle.

In another instant he found himself standing on his head, although he had not the least intention of winking, and before he could say Jack Robinson to himself he knew that the bottle was out of the water and the neck of it full of suffocating air!

Had the stream suddenly dried up?

No the body of the bottle was still full of water.

What on earth, or in the stream had happened?

He looked up. He was face to face with a man.

But Man was not this time a man, only a little girl of seven, Maudie by name, whom her brother, named Willie, a year older than she, had left in charge of the old blacking bottle tied at the end with a piece of string, while he went in pursuit of a butterfly.

"Willie! Willie! Oh, do come! I have caught a terrible big fish, and am afraid."

Now it pleased the vanity of Golden Thomas to hear himself described as a terribly big fish, and to know that he had struck fear into the heart of Man, meaning of course, little Maudie.

All the same he was far from easy in his mind.

There could be no doubt in the world he had been caught. All at once he remembered seeing a string from the neck of the bottle going upward through the water, but as he had noticed nothing like a net he had not suspected danger, least of all capture.

"Oh, do come," cried the little girl, "His back is awfully black, I am afraid to hold him."

The hand in which she held the bottle trembled as she stared at Thomas.

"Afraid to hold him!" cried Willie as he ran up out of breath and looked into the bottle. "One would think he was a leopard or a mad mastiff. Why, don't you know what it is? It is a lovely gold-fish!"

"But it's all black," said little Maudie, who was near crying from fear and relief.

"Some gold-fishes' backs are black," said Willie, with the feeling that he was millions of years older and ten thousand books wiser than his little sister.

"Oh, is it a real gold fish?" cried Maudie now forgetting everything but the joy of their luck. "Oh, Willie, what shall we do with it?"

"Cook it and eat it," said the brother, to frighten his sister and show to her how brave and blood thirsty a boy generally is.

In spite of his black back and bright yellow sides Golden Thomas turned pale, especially the under portion of his body, when he heard the awful words—cook and eat him.

"No—no—no, you wicked cruel boy. We'll do nothing of the kind. Who ever heard of any one eating a gold fish."

"Well put him in a cage and pretend he is a canary," said Willie, with a laugh. "He's about the color and I am sure he has a lovely voice."

"Don't be a great silly," said Maudie, pouting.

She did not like to be made fun of. She was so excited that her hand trembled more violently than ever.

"Or," said Willie, "make a nice bed for him and pretend he's a goose, and maybe he'll lay a jolly big golden egg for you."

By this time Golden Thomas was frantic with fright. He was no longer able to content himself with going round and round the bottle with his tail always under his nose.

The notion of being cooked and eaten was bad enough, still it was no worse than fell to the lot of the finest fish in the sea, but to be shut up in a cage like a numskull lobster or a thick-skinned crab was not to be borne a moment, and the bare thought of being cuddled up in a bed like a dead and alive oyster could not even be thought of without going mad.

Golden Thomas looked at the sky through the neck of the bottle, and making one fierce dash upward, lifted half his body out of the water.

With a cry of alarm little Maudie flung the bottle from her, and it and Golden Thomas fell splash into the stream.

Golden Thomas did not pause to look back.

He fled with all his speed down the stream and into the river, and did not pause to gather breath until he was far out at sea.

In the salt water his fine colors faded from him, and his coat changed back to his old dark blue hue. He never overtook the shoal.

For his ill humor and his presumption in wanting to be different from his kind it is his fate to be the only sprat that has to live alone for ever in the great waters of the oceans and seas.

WHO WAS THE REAL KNIGHT?

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

"HE IS so very small," said the first knight.

"Perhaps he might be a page," said the second; "but he couldn't be a knight. He couldn't do brave deeds, and give help to damsels in distress."

"He's very brave, though he is small," said the third knight, looking at his little brother kindly.

But it was no good, the first knight would not hear of it.

"Brave! Why, I don't believe he could say 'Bo' to a goose. Did ever anyone hear of a knight who was afraid to say 'Bo' to a goose?"

And the first knight seemed to think the matter quite settled.

But Johnnie the small brother did not think it settled.

The big boys were always saying that he was too small to join in their games, and he did not like it at all.

If they were kings or giants, he wanted to be a king and a giant too, and if they were knights, he wanted to be a knight, though he did not even know what a damsel in distress was.

That morning in school the master had been telling the boys about the knights who lived in the days of old—how they wandered through the world, doing brave deeds, fighting for the right, and helping damsels in distress.

And since school, out on the common, the boys had talked of nothing else, and three of them had resolved that they would be knights.

"We will call ourselves the Knights of the Gorse," said the first knight, and he picked a piece of the plant from one of the bushes near him.

The others followed his example in spite of thorns and scratches; but though Johnnie tried to pick a piece too, he could not manage it.

Just then the school-bell began to ring, and the three knights ran across the common. They were talking so eagerly that they had no time to look where they were going, and outside the school-house, the first knight bumped into a woman and a little girl. The little girl fell down, and so did the bundle the woman was carrying.

"I didn't mean too," said the first knight; but he ran into school without picking up the little girl, and the others followed him.

The child was not hurt, only frightened; but she cried so much that her mother had to carry her, as well as the bundle, and as they were passing Johnnie, who was still tugging at the bush, down fell the bundle again.

Johnnie turned round to see what had happened. The piece of gorse only wanted one or two more twists to break it off; but he left it at once and helped the woman. And though he had to run into school without the gorse, he did not seem to mind much.

To everyone's surprise, just before the school broke up, the master said he wanted to say something.

"Boys," he said, "you remember what I told you this morning about knights. Well, this afternoon I saw one."

The boys looked very much surprised.

"I saw," said the master, "a young knight helping a woman in distress to pick up her bundle, and I was very pleased."

The knights of the gorse looked decidedly uncomfortable, and Johnnie seemed overcome with astonishment.

As the boys walked home they said very little, and the first knight did not even make a remark when Johnnie picked up a dusty piece of gorse out of the road and stuck it in his cap.

They had a long walk before them—a long walk and a dark walk—for the days were short.

The boys did not say anything about the knights, but they were thinking about them; and when Johnnie begged for a story, because he was tired, not one of the boys seemed surprised when the first knight began to tell of a brave young man, who spent his time wandering through the world in search of adventures.

"Oh, what was that?" cried Johnnie suddenly. "I am sure I saw something white in front of us."

"Nonsense," said the first knight.

"He's frightened," said the second.

But the third knight said nothing; he only held Johnnie's hand very tightly.

"And the brave good man," said the first knight, as he continued his story, "drew his sword to fight the stranger, crying, 'Come on.' But as he spoke the stranger lifted his arm, and the moonlight streamed through the hole in his body."

"Oh, dear," said the second knight, "look there! Whatever is it?"

In the middle of the road, a little way in front of the boys, there was something white. Not a very big something, but as the boys looked it seemed to be growing bigger, and to be coming towards them.

"Run!" shouted the first knight, and he jumped into the hedge and hid behind one of the bushes. The second knight followed him, and the third knight tried to pull Johnnie after him into the other hedge.

But Johnnie would not move. He stood in the middle of the road, all alone.

The white thing came nearer and nearer.

Johnie shut his eyes tightly. He drew himself up, summoned up all his courage, and called out at the top of his voice, "Bo!"

There was a hiss, a cackle, and a scuffle, and when Johnnie opened his eyes the white thing was scurrying away as fast as it could.

It was a big white goose!

The knights of the gorse looked very much ashamed of themselves.

They walked home very quietly, and said never a word. There were no more stories of good brave men, and when, as they crossed the little footbridge near the farm, a goose and her goslings waddled out from beneath a pen, the knights were very careful not to look at one another.

Next morning, when they met to walk to school together, strange to say, the gorse had disappeared from their caps.

But though Johnnie never said a word, somebody must have heard the story somewhere.

How the story got out nobody knew; but at the dinner-hour each knight found a goose's feather pinned into his cap, and fastened to it a piece of paper, on which was written "THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOOSE."

A DEATH DEALING PLANT.—A magnificent death plant of Java, has been received in Savannah, Ga. It is found only in the volcanic districts of Java and Sumatra, and then but rarely.

It grows from two to three and a half feet in height with long tender stems armed with thorns nearly an inch long, and covered with broad, satin-smooth leaves of a heart shape and of a delicate emerald color on one side, and blood red, streaked with cream, on the other.

The flowers of the death plant are milk-white and about the size and depth of a large coffee cup.

The peculiarity of the plant lies in these flowers, which, beautiful as they are, distil continually a deadly perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled any length of time, a full-grown man, and to kill all forms of insect life approaching it.

The perfume is as sickeningly sweet as chloroform, which it greatly resembles in effect, producing insensibility, but convulsing at the same time the muscles of the face, especially those about the mouth and eyes, drawing the former up into a grin.

An inhalation is followed by violent headache and a ringing in the ears, which gives way to a temporary deafness.

INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.—Women who belong to large families, and who have had little brothers and sisters committed to their care, know very well what extreme patience is needed to train and instruct small children; but a young mother who has been a younger or only daughter must find this hard to realize—yet it is most important. For instance, in teaching a child to read, which seems a trifling piece of business in itself, the first bent is given towards like or dislike of learning and towards power or want of application. One mistake into which a conscientious teacher is here apt to fall is that of making a child weary itself too long over some letter or word which he shows inability to grasp. Of course, if the child will not repeat it out of obstinacy, he should not be allowed to pass on until he has overcome the obstacle; but children are seldom obstinate unless rendered so by injudicious treatment.

THE BRIDE'S THOUGHT.

BY T. C.

"Shall I tell you, dear, what I thought of when
The ring was on and the prayer was said?"
(They were safe in their flying carriage then—
Two lovers just newly wed.)

"Not of the peace that ended fear,
Not of the years we hope to know;
But I only thought—oh, forgive me, dear—
Of the man who loved me so.

"Your friend who stood by my bridesmaid's side
At the altar's railing—our chosen two—
He had longed so dearly to call me oride;
But, darling, you never knew.

"And I only thought how it seemed to him,
The offered vows and the glad replies,
And somehow the lighted church looked dim
Through the tears that filled my eyes."

Then, laughing lightly, thus answered he:
"'Tis very strange how these things occur;
Your bridesmaid, dear, was in love with me,
But—I never thought of her!"

SOME QUEER HOBBIES.

Most people ride hobbies of some kind or another. Whether it takes the form of gardening or carpentering, coin collecting or the accumulation of postage stamps, the hobby is of service in that it helps to develop the better side of a man's character, and to save him from becoming wholly devoted to either business or pleasure.

Hobbies often take an unexpected turn, and lead those who indulge in them to have an apparent interest in some pursuit which they would be suspected of following.

Of such a kind was the passion of Gillott, the founder of the world renowned steel pen business, for Cremona fiddles. He was absolutely without musical knowledge; could not play a single note on any instrument; and did not even take any great pleasure in the musical capabilities of others.

Yet he spent an immense amount of time and money in acquiring valuable old violins, which lay in their cases from one year's end to another without giving forth any of the sweet strains which were within them, waiting for the touch of a skilled hand.

His violins were numerous enough to have supplied whole orchestras with the choicest productions of Stradivarius; but but for all the good they were to him, they might have been the cheapest productions of the German toy maker.

On the other hand, a man's hobby often shows his tastes.

For instance, we know of a superb skater who has a probably unique collection of skates of all ages and descriptions. They range from bones which our ancestors of the Middle Ages bound to their feet when they pushed themselves along the ice with iron shod poles, to the latest combination of screws and springs warranted to get out of order after being used once or twice, and to bring low the pride of their luckless owner as they part company with his boots while he is scudding along over the frozen surface.

A man's hobby frequently leads to his becoming proficient at some useful craft. The son of a rich stockbroker, whose father became a defaulter some years ago, supported the family until better days came round again by his proficiency with the turning lathe and carpenters' tools generally. The hobby which he had taken up to occupy his idle hours he had ridden to such good purpose that he found no difficulty in obtaining work at good wages when his father was actually unable to provide himself and the rest of his family with the coarsest food.

At the present time, one of the leading merchants in Liverpool could earn a comfortable sum weekly as a watchmaker, if the necessity arose for him to do so. His fondness for valuable watches and clocks has led him to thoroughly master the intricacies of their own construction; and he probably knows more on this particular subject than the majority of men who earn their daily bread by their knowledge of it. The splendid collection of ancient and modern clocks which he has brought together enables him to familiarize himself with every phase of the craft. He is never so happy as when seated at a table strewn with the component parts of one of his cherished clocks in apparently hopeless confusion; and the members of his family know that to disturb him whilst he is engaged in piecing them together again is a very unwise proceeding.

Other hobbies are, so far as one can see, perfectly without object. Examples will occur to most of our readers of this meaningless class of hobby.

The lawn of a gentleman who inhabits a pretty house in one of the most popular suburbs of London is entirely hidden from view by a heap of horse shoes. For years this individual has been collecting all that he can find, and he often meets with them while taking long solitary walks. The remonstrance of his wife, who would naturally prefer to have a garden free from the scrap iron which possesses so strange an attraction to her husband, are as unsuccessful in weaning him from the habit as is the chaffing of his friends and acquaintances.

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers and wigs of all shapes, sizes and fashions.

This curious hobby was rivalled by that of a late king of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique.

As peculiar a hobby as any that we have heard of was that of an old woman who had been employed at Court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which her fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land.

The place of honor was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake; and nearly every royal marriage that had occurred since the accession of William IV. was represented in this curious collection.

The postage stamp hobby has died out to some extent of late years, though there are still many ardent followers of it.

It has no doubt much to recommend it; but this can scarcely be said of the kindred mania for post marks.

Stamps are pretty, and have interesting historical and geographical associations; but few things can be less enjoyable to the eye than a post mark, and unless it be of unusual length, as "Hull and Carlisle sorting tender," or one of the few other very long ones that are to be met with, it is hard to see where the interest in it lies.

Yet there are plenty of people who occupy a good deal of their spare time in classifying and arranging these meaningless circles.

The autograph hobby, which has been dealt with lately in these columns, is one which is rapidly increasing in public favor. A queer development of it was noticed the other day in the case of a lady who had compiled a large collection of autographs of people who, for some reason or another, are compelled to write with the left hand. Left handed writing usually slopes in the opposite direction from that executed with the right hand; though just as some right-handed writers slope their letters downwards from the left, left handed ones occasionally slant theirs in the opposite direction.

Grains of Gold.

Stones are sticks thrown only at fruit bearing trees.

The life of great geniuses is nothing but a sublime storm.

Anger turns the mind out of doors and bolts the entrance.

One scorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.

The grandest, truest, sweetest things are always hints—no more.

Nex: to virtue the fun of the world is what we can least spare.

Will is the root, knowledge the stem and nerves, and feeling the flower.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy; but sorrow's memory is sorrow still.

We judge men by our own standards; judge our nearest and dearest often wrong.

There are some errors so sweet that we repent them only to bring them to memory.

Wickedness consists in the very hesitation about an act, though it never be perpetrated.

Men declare their love before they feel it: women only confess theirs after they have proved it.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

We never feel so great a degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal, as what is merely ridiculous.

Instantly is not a distinct and separate empire; our ordinary life borders on it, and we cross the frontier in some part of our nature.

Femininities.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.

It is not virtuous women who are so ready to report suspicion of their sisters.

Queen Natalie of Servia has had her life insured for $200,000 for the benefit of her son.

Flowers can be kept fresh for some time if a pinch of soda or saltpetre is added to the water.

Chauncey M. Depew says: "There are two things I know nothing about; they are real estate and women."

A scientific observer declares that the house cats of the world carry at least 30 per cent. of the ordinary fatal diseases from house to house.

The newly appointed women Deputy Factory Inspectors for the State of New York will receive a salary of $1000 a year and their expenses.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, near Stersing, in the Tyrol. She is in her eleventh year, and is about six feet high.

At the railroad: "Will you think of me very often while you are away, dearest John?" "But, Emily, you know that this is to be a pleasure trip!"

Miss Debut: "Do you believe in marrying for love?" Chicago matron: "O, it's all a matter of taste. I tried it a couple of times and rather liked it."

Mr. Staid: "And is Miss Gigglegaggle well educated?" Mrs. McFad: "Educated? I should say so. Why, the ribbons on her graduating dress cost over fifty dollars."

One Harvard young man makes a concise explanation of the academic successes of young women: "Of course girls can get on. They have nothing else to do but study. We have."

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert at St. James' Hall. A certain song was announced thus: "'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer."

She: "Don't you think you had better have a shine? Your shoes are very dingy." He: "Why, they don't need it—they are patent-leather!" She. "The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed."

Lady Sandhurst has been given the freedom of the city of London, and is the only woman upon whom this honor has been conferred in 300 years. She has made a reputation as a Liberal organizer and orator.

"I think these kissing games are such foolish things!" he said petulantly, as they left the children's party and strolled out on the lawn. "Yes, indeed," she said, "kissing is always foolish when any one is looking on."

Miss Antique, displeased with her photographs: "This is the fourth sitting I've given you, and the picture is even worse than the first." Photographer: "Yes, miss; the last sitting was a month after the first, and you were a month older, you know."

The ancient Egyptians have never been equalled for their skill in the manufacture of perfumes. Some of their ointment preserved in an alabaster vase in the museum at Alnwick still retains a pungent odor, although its age cannot be much less than 3,000 years.

The shawl dress, which was so popular 20 years ago, is once more in vogue; the fashion is so old as to be a novelty, perhaps, to the present generation. This dress is made, as its name implies, of a shawl or of shawls of the soft checked or plaid woolen sort, fringed at the edge.

A Mrs. Peacock, of Fennville, Ga., recently rode on a railroad train for the first time, it is said, in 30 years. When she was a girl of 12 or 13 years she took her first ride over the rails, but, until the recent trip, she could not be induced to travel in that manner a second time.

"I thought you had got a new trial, Bill," called out a friend of the prisoner whom the Sheriff was putting on the train for Joliet. "No," answered the abject wretch, who had stolen a cow; "it was the feller in the cell next to mine, that killed his wife, that's got the new trial."

Don't retail bits of boudoir gossip in New York streets. A reporter was waiting at Broadway and Twenty-sixth street for a belated car, and two handsome women paused near him. "Mary," said the tall one, "I am going down to Twenty-third street to see if my hair is done; I really must wear it this evening."

Mrs. Morris, of Sheboygan, Wis., has in her possession a meerschaum pipe that belonged to a King of Denmark 236 years ago. As it is supposed to have been a very old pipe at that time it may have had some connection with Hamlet's observation regarding certain offensiveness which existed in the State of Denmark.

The Japanese are a gentle, sensitive race, very much under the influence of their emotions. Love with them is a serious matter; often one of life or death. Disappointment in love, or desertion, frequently ends in suicide. The passions which thrill and torment the human soul are as intense in far-away heathen Japan as in those lands which boast a higher civilization.

Two girls of the same age and nearly the same name were placed in a French institution for the care of friendless children 10 years ago. Some time ago one of them was taken out by her supposed mother, given a handsome dowry and married. The other girl now comes forward with offers of proof that she is the real daughter, and she claims the dowry, if not the husband, of her substitute.

A schoolteacher near Dawson, Ga., having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received a note, thus worded, from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar as I prefer her longage in yuseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her logage in german and drawling and vokal music on the piano."

Masculinities.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Errors such as are but acorns in our younger brows grow oaks in our older heads and become indexible.

The Emperor of China is a young man who looks like an American college student, but behaves himself very much better.

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. Men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other.

A young merchant in Berlin has married the woman who nursed him when a babe. She was then 17 years old. He is said to be quite rich.

Wm. Brininghan, of Fairton, Cumberland county, N. J., recently celebrated his 87th birthday anniversary by sawing two cords of wood.

Dr. Austin Flint says: "I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy.

A bigamist under arrest in Akron, Ohio, is said to have no less than seven wives. They live in various parts of the country, and he has married them all within the past 10 years.

The man upon whom the woman fell when jumping from the tower of Notre Dame a few weeks ago, died of his internal injuries after having been discharged from the Paris Hospital as all right.

When Mark Twain was worth $10 or $12 a week, less the price paid for meals and lodgings, he smoked real Havana cigars. But now that he is worth a million or so, he has taken to a 5 cent corncob pipe.

Mr. Gladstone, despite his vast wealth, is almost penurious in personal matters. He wears his clothes until they are threadbare, shiny and shabby." It may not be closeness, however, so much as comfort.

Policeman: "Come along now quietly, or it will be worse for you." O'Toole: "I'll not! The magistrate told me last time never to be brought before him agin, an', begorra, I'm goin' to obey his instructions!"

A painter arrested in Litchfield, Conn., while at work, walked along quietly for a few minutes, when he suddenly turned and dashed his paint brush into the Sheriff's eyes. He then escaped. The Sheriff is badly injured.

J. Frank Sweeney, of Omaha, fell in love with a photograph of Mrs. Anna Tapley, a young widow of Louisville, Ky., some months ago. He saw the original for the first time recently and was married to her three days after.

Cardinal Manning's aversion to strong drink in every form is so great that twice in articulo mortis he has refused stimulants and he alludes triumphantly to the fact that he got well each time as proof that stimulants are never necessary.

The death plant of Java has flowers which continually give off a perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that approaches close enough to come under its influence.

A boy in a Braintree Sunday school, when asked from the Catechism: "What is the chief end of man?" instead of giving the stereotyped answer, "To love, serve and glorify God," gave the following interpretation: "The chief end of man is the end what's got the head on."

There is a sadly frivolous Boston young woman who says that her "pa" can turn out bachelors more expeditiously than any college, because he doesn't do it by degrees. He begins the graduation exercises at 10 P. M. sharp, and they are always finished at 10.01 sharp by a stop watch.

Robert Gunyon, 73 years old, of Milwaukee, didn't let his advanced age deter him from diving into the river at Mt. Clemens, Mich., and rescuing a lad who was drowning. It is said that he was the only person of the crowd on the bank watching the boy drown who didn't lose his head.

The young Crown Prince of Italy is deeply devoted to his clever and beautiful mother. He sends her two long telegrams every day when he is away from her; and he also writes to her each day a letter giving full accounts of his day's work. Like the Queen, the Prince speaks and writes fluently French, English and German.

A French savant has been calculating the time required to perform a journey around the world, with this result: A man walking day and night, 626 days; a railway train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32½ hours; a cannon ball, 21¾ hours; light, a trifle over one-tenth of a second; electricity, a trifle under one-tenth of a second.

Deputy Jailor John Burns, of Ashland, Wis., dropped dead in a chair on a recent evening just as he opened the jail doors to take out a squad of prisoners. The prisoners, many of them held for serious offences, thought Burns was resting and made no attempt to escape. When the jailer entered half an hour later the dead deputy was still guarding the prisoners.

Peter Lechner is known as the most lonely man in Europe. He is connected with the Weather Bureau service and is stationed on top of the Schonnbuhel Mountains, in the Austrian Alps. There he lives month in and month out. It is the custom of the villagers on Christmas day to cut their way up and bring him presents. Throughout the year this is the only time he sees a human face.

During the Franco-Prussian war Bismarck returned one evening to his quarters at Meaux and found a baby on his bed. A slip of paper said: "Mr husband died at Sedan; I have no bread." That was September 16, 1870. The prince reported to King. "Sire," he said, "now I have had a child left to me." His Majesty replied: "In war times one takes everything, even a child." The boy was sent to Berlin, raised at Bismarck's charge, and is still in his household.

WAYS OF SWINDLING.

ONE of the most flagrant of the minor swindles is that which fishes for its victims with the seductive bait of a "business opportunity."

The extent to which it is carried and the success which attends it are almost incredible.

It usually employ two people: One is a man who has an office in a reputable neighborhood and the other a plausible "beat." The first furnishes the capital for the advertisements and the theatre of operations, and also indorses the respectability of his associate.

This worthy usually has a patent to develop, which requires a little money to start, a dramatic company to put on the road for an out of-town tour, or some small manufacturing business to establish.

He only requires a couple of hundred of dollars for his purpose, and his dupe is to be the treasurer or cashier of the concern. If the latter agrees the drain on his purse is begun at once. There are bills to be paid and purchases to be made, all of which are conducted in due form.

The victim is soon tired out and his purse exhausted, and the swindler has the one excuse:

"Well, your capital wasn't big enough. If you could pay in a couple of hundred more we'd be all right."

There is no redress. The plundered man has paid no money directly to his plunderer, though the latter has received his share of every dollar.

People who advertise pawn tickets for sale are generally frauds. The tickets are in many cases supplied by pawn brokers to any one who may apply for them with sufficient interest to enjoy their confidence. They are all for such unredeemed pledges as would not pay the expense of sale.

The advertiser sells the ticket for a mere song.

The purchaser, if he is suspicious, may not be willing to buy the ticket without seeing the article it represents. In that case he is taken to the pawn broker, to whom he pays twenty-five cents for the privilege of examination. The examination invariably leads to rejection.

In that case the ticket swindler gets half of the search money. Women are the chief practicers of this swindle, and it is so extensive a one to day that there are certain pawnshops in this city which have their regular tools and do more business with bogus tickets than in the real traffic for which they are licensed.

Really honest people, who desire to sell pawn tickets, can always find purchasers for them in the proprietors of the many "old curiosity shops" scattered all over the city.

These speculators make a business redeeming useful articles from pawn and selling them at moderate profit on their outlay.

The begging letter fraud has come to be a peculiar feature among our local petty swindlers. He, or she, is usually of English origin, where that style of swindler has flourished for more than a century, in spit of the vigorous pens of Fielding and Dickens, both of which great authors loved to lay bare their shameless fraudulency, and the merciless administration of the law against mendicancy.

There is as regularly organised a body of begging letter writers in this city as there is in London. The members comprise both sexes, and are generally people of more than average education and intelligence. Their assurance not only borders but actually overreaches on the incredible. They write to everybody whom they think likely to assist them, or who has, in fact, any money at all, without the slightest excuse or claim upon their charity.

The professional writers of begging letters are undoubtedly the most worthless, and utterly shameful of the petty swindlers who prey upon the city. They are people whose education and natural gifts render it easy for them to earn honest livings.

They are rank hypocrites, using the most revolting professions of piety to back their demands.

The money they extract from the loose purses of foolish philanthropists invariably goes for purposes of debauchery. As a writer said:

"They are the foulest and nastiest of all the foul and nasty birds which subsist, buzzard-like, on the offal of the town. Whining, despicable hounds, compared with whom a sneak thief is a gentleman."

Yet these sanctimonious miscreants find dupes who possibly weep over the woes they offer as excuses for their appeals, and who certainly contribute constantly to their support.

A familiar fraud is that perpetrated by the bogus smuggler. This typical "beat" is in all cases a jovial personage in a blue flannel suit. His favorite hunting ground is in down town offices, where cunning clerks yearn for bargains.

He blasts his binnacle, shivers his timbers and swears other strange sea oaths after most approved style, chews tobacco like hay, walks with a rolling gait, and is always redolent of rum.

But somehow or other he never looks, to the initiated, like what a school boy would call a "real sailor."

He tells in a mysterious whisper of how he was steward or "bo'sun" or some other rollicking functionary on a sea-going craft, and how by virtue of his position, he enjoys enviable opportunities to introduce rare and valuable commodities into the country.

These commodities he now has for sale at advantageously low prices, provided his patrons will not "split" on him. They usually consist of Indian shawls, bolts of the best English broad-cloths, boxes of rare cigars, or bottles of bay rum, and command a ready sale.

The shawls are of the best Paisley, the cloth always turns out to be pure shoddy, the cigars clear cabbage, and the bay rum a bad mixture.

There is a class of female swindlers who advertise as housekeepers. These are almost always of the lowest order of confidence women. They have an associate of the other sex, and occupy furnished rooms of which their tenancy is a fleeting one.

If their advertisement secures an answer they induce the respondent to call, and engage him in a conversation in the middle of which the male associate enters.

The woman at once accuses her caller of improprieties, her alleged husband resents them, and the dupe is glad to pay for his escape, unless he happens to know enough of life to be aware that his swindlers dare not attempt publicity and are trying to bluff him.

Often a case of this style of blackmail comes before our courts in the course of a year, but victims continue to make it profitable for this style of frauds to pay the papers for advertising them.

Matrimonial advertisements, on the part of both male and female, are usually inserted for the purpose of inducing a correspondence, which the advertiser may utilize for the purpose of extorting blackmail.

MEN should influence one another in their business and their homes, in the intercourse of chance acquaintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions, and draws them together in love, in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect, and a steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Therefore, unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, and where his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own conscience may assert themselves, unrebuked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is or should be the core of his being.

FEMALE TRAMPS.—Two female tramps have just reached Luzerne county (this State,) their birth place, after being on the road for nearly three months. They started from Kansas City, and the greater part of the distance they traveled in cattle cars. They become tramps through force of circumstances.

They are sisters, and three years ago married railroad men and wet west. One of the husbands died, and the other, who proved a worthless fellow, soon disappeared. The sisters now found themselves in the midst of poverty, and among strangers. They could not get along, and they pined for their old home in Pennsylvania, but could not raise the money to pay their fares.

One evening they hit upon the novel idea of dressing in male attire and tramping home. They deliberated long, and finally came to the conclusion this was the only way they could get home. They accordingly made preparations for their long journey.

They were well up in the ways and doing of railroad brakemen, as they had often heard their husbands talk "shop." One morning early the sisters donned suits of clothes that had been worn by their husbands.

They were black, greasy and dirty, and in every way in keeping with a tramp's outfit. The women then cut their hair short, and greased and blackened their faces and hands, and then began their journey.

ERRORS.—So far from wishing to escape detection, men should be glad to acknowledge error freely whenever they can hope for help or whenever such acknowledgment may benefit others. Instead of being a hard confession, wrung out of a stern sense of duty, it should rather be a matter of course, involving no shame and no disgrace, but merely the desire to be set right whenever they have been wrong. And, instead of exhibiting a mean triumph or a censorious spirit towards the mistakes of others, they should regard them as opportunities to give help and sympathy, knowing how much and how often they need the same aid. Thus, in simple sincerity, in the honest desire for improvement, in the love of truth, and in mutual comfort and encouragement, will mistakes most speedily be corrected, and progress in the various lines of human activity be most effectually carried on.

MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Carpets are seldom troubled with moth worms except where hatched in a dark ill-ventilated space and where it is moderately warm. It is for this reason no doubt that carpet houses are seldom, if ever, troubled by them, the stocks in the larger houses being disposed of between seasons. Nearly all the trouble from moths emanates from the furniture, the burlap inside the outer covering being their best field for work, where they can be free from annoyance and find plenty to eat.

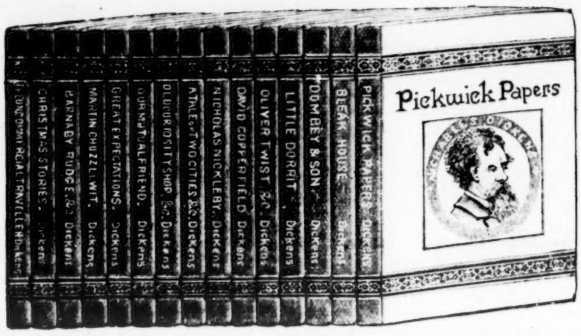
Many furniture-dealers realize their danger, and cleanse the burlap used with naptha. It is when the worms are either tired of their food or it lacks the nourishment that they desire that they seek an outlet and drop upon the carpet. Cleansing carpets by the naptha process is regarded as the surest and most satisfactory where there is the slightest suspicion of moth eggs or worms. It is especially adapted to pile carpets. Caution should be exercised as to the purity and clearness of the naphtha used and the thorough extraction of the grease, else the dirt adheres more easily than before. When carpets are to remain in storage for some time, the odor can be left in the carpet. A more thorough cleansing can be assured by having the carpet beaten first. A surface application of naphtha will drive the impurities through the article, to be absorbed by that which is under it.

ORIGIN OF NAMES.—There are some queer instances of transliteration of names in the province of Quebec. A suburb of the old city of Quebec was originally named Shepherdville, after an English resident of the name of Shepherd. The French translated this into Bergerville, which the English soon corrupted into Beggarville. Hope Cape was turned by the French into Cape d'Espoir, which the English translated into Cape Despair. Points of Cliffs first first became Pointe des Monts, and was then anglicised, first into Demon's Point and then into Devil's Point. Reindeer Lake became Lac a la Renne, which was soon corrupted by the English into Rainy Lake, and then strange to say, was corrupted by the French into Lac a la Pluie.

A GOOD word is as good as an ill one.

FREE! FREE!

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS!



Good Paper! Clear Print! Neat Binding!

The usual price for the cheapest set of Dickens Novels has heretofore been $10 00. Owing to the present low price of printing paper and a very large contract with a leading book manufacturer we are enabled to offer our readers the most extraordinary bargain in good literature ever heard of.

15 Handsomely Made, Convenient Sized Books.

Dickens' Works are the most widely read of any novels printed in any language. The popularity of Dickens is ever increasing and every person should own a full set of his works. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. No person is well read who has not perused his works.

HOW TO GET THEM.

Send us six (6) *three months* trial subscribers at 50 cents each and we will send you the entire 15 Volumes free of all charges as a premium.

If preferred a complete set of 25 *Waverly Novels* in 12 Volumes will be sent instead of Dickens' Works.

A trial subscriber is a New One, and must be a person who is not now on our subscription list.

NOT CHEAP, TRASHY BOOKS!

These VOLUMES are each about 5x7¼ inches in size and of uniform thickness. The printing is clear and the type of a readable size. They are printed from plates made for this edition. NOT CONDENSED OR ABRIDGED.

Never before has the opportunity been presented for securing so much valuable reading matter for so small an amount, or with as little trouble. Ask six of your acquaintances to try THE POST *three months* or 13 weeks. Send us their names and addresses with 50 cents for each, and secure a complete set of either Dickens or Waverly Novels. Send in your order at once.

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

She's past the age of caramel,
But not the age of gume
When out her teens she'll be a belle,
As riper years shall come.
A dress of dainty drab she wore,
A hat of modest gray;
She has admirers by the score,
But chews her time away.

"My pretty maid,"
I gently said,
"Your name, what may it be?"
Her eyes she dropped,
Her chewing stopped,
Then mumbled back to me:
"Begum, yum yum,
Yum-yum, begum."

I heard the sounds in wonderment—
'Twas Choctaw or Chinese;
But there she sat in calm content,
As sober as you please.
I said with palpitating heart,
"O speak again, dear girl,
But keep those rosy lips apart
And still those teeth of pearl.

"What is yum-yum,
And what begum?
What language can they be?"
With dropping head
She blushed and said,
Or mumbled back to me:
"Begum, yum-yum,
Yum-yum, begum."

—U. N. NONE.

A porous plaster has its draw backs.

Truth may lie at the bottom of a well, but it doesn't trouble the average fisherman. He never goes there to fish.

"I think I should like something in the way of a check," said the young man to the tailor. "So should I," said the tailor to the young man.

Some say that a man who would "beat an egg" would be so cruel as to "whip cream," "thrash wheat," or even "lick a postage stamp."

The worst thing about the woman who says, "I told you so," is that she generally tells the ruth.

"It's hotter than——" began the deacon, when the minister interrupted him with "S-h-h." But the deacon wouldn't be bluffed. "It's hotter than yesterday," he added.

"Pa," she called upstairs, "this clock down here in the hall isn't going!"
"It isn't, eh?" he returned. "Well, don't let that be an example for Adolphus."

Explained at last. Sue: "I wonder what satisfaction Hover can find in barking at the moon?" He: "I have often heard that the moon is made of cheese. Perhaps there are rats in it."

Tommy: "Say, paw, what is a philosopher?"
Mr. Figg: "A philosopher, Tommy, is a man who sits around and figures out how other men have so much more money than he has."

"There's nothing like a Western town for progress," remarked Trotter.
"Yes," said Jones. "I saw an instance of it while in Colorado. A man was given ten hours to leave the town, and he took just five minutes."

"Going camping out this year, old fellow?"
"No; I camped out last year."
"Why don't you camp out this year?"
"I just told you. I camped out last year."

Colonel Yerger: "Is your clergyman going to take a vacation this summer?"
Judge Peterby: "Yes; we raised a purse for him without any trouble. If we hadn't he would have kept right on preaching all through July and August."

A wife was complaining bitterly of her cruel husband. A friend advised her still to treat him kindly and gently, and thus heap coals of fire on his head. She replied: "Ah, that will not do, for I have tried two kettles of boiling water on his head and he's no better."

Clara—"Well, to tell the truth, dear Charley——"
Frank—"Charley?"
Clara—"I mean Frank, I declare, how absent-minded I am. I thought it was Thursday evening instead of Wednesday."

Old Mammy lived in North Carolina, very near the line. When the boundary between that State and Virginia was changed she was told that she lived in Virginia. "Well," she answered, "I am powerful glad. I always heard that Virginny was a healthier State than North Car'lina."

An old lady alighted from a car and said: "Ah!" in a tone of approbation, "how much more polite young men are nowdays than they used to be. Why, I have always plenty of room in a street car, but when I was young I could never ride in one without being crowded. Such things never happen now."

Mr. Hankinson, at the party: "What a dainty eater Miss Kajones is?"
Miss Kerbrown, bosom friend of Miss Kajones "Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage."

At ten years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at 15 he knows as much; at 20 he knows twice as much; at 30 he is willing to take his advice; at 40 he begins to think his father knows something after all; at 50 he begins to seek his advice, and at 0—after his father is dead—he thinks he was the smartest man that ever lived.

Brother Tom—"There you are, Mab. Everything is packed, and now for a brilliant opening in the play of seaside engagements."
Mab—"Yes, but that horrid man hasn't sent me my bathing suit."
"I guess it's coming now."
"Do you think so?"
"Yes; there's a messenger boy coming up the avenue with an envelope."

IT is terrible to learn that eau de-Cologne alcoholism is now a recognized disease in Germany and France—chiefly among women, and women, of course, of the higher classes. A woman who ultimately becomes a slave to the habit usually begins by taking a few drops of the spirit when she happens "to feel a little faint." She increases the dose whenever she returns to it, and in time takes the stuff by the wineglass. It is especially consumed by morphia and cocaine victims; for they find that eau de-Cologne is to some extent a substitute for the drug which they know is surely killing them. The remedy, however is as bad as the evil. Eau de Cologne alcoholism is one of the worst forms of the disease. It evolves sleeplessness and delirium tremens of a less easily curable character than the sleeplessness and delirium tremens that are brought about by over indulgence in brandy or any ordinary spirits, for not only is it made of impure and immature alcohol, but also it contains essential oils, which even in small quantities are poisonous.

A LADY tells how she was recently waiting in a carriage near an electric lamp, which had just been lighted, while her friend went to a neighboring shop. In the dry road she presently saw a stir, and looking over the wheels saw hopping in all directions across and around toads aiming for the light. She got out and aimed for the lamp, too. There was a ring of toads underneath it already, waiting for the fall of moths and the insects of night that drop from the life destroying flame. It was a curious sight—those creatures squatted in a circle, with upturned heads, waiting for the victims to drop into their mouths.

AN old man of our acquaintance says he was born at the wrong time. "When I was young," he says, "young men were of no account; and now that I am old, old men are of no account."

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR and STRENGTH

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 99 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address N. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—the number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

"I never travel without your READY RELIEF. It is a grand medicine for a sudden attack of Sore Throat, and for Sprains and Bruises it has no equal. O. J. E. HUNT, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia.

"You can't claim too much for your READY RELIEF." LEMUEL C. MAUPIN, Free Union Va.

"Fifteen years ago your medicines were introduced to me and I have never been sorry for it. The READY RELIEF has saved me many aches and pains." ALBERT FRANK, Lacotic Mich.

"My wife has found your READY RELIEF to be the best thing and cheapest for Neuralgia. She also keeps our children in splendid health by the use of your pills." EDWARD SWARDBIK, Fort Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, N. W. T.

"We are never without your medicines in our home. Have used them for 24 years." Mrs. SARAH J. JAMES Ashland, Ky.

"I thank God and you for your READY RELIEF and PILLS, which have cured me completely of Influenza." W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

Summer Complaints,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Cholera Morbus, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

FEVER AND AGUE;

Radway's Ready Relief.

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink and eat a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS), so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Alterative and Tonic and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever or Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Breast, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Send stamp for postage to RADWAY & CO., New York, for our book of advice.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The extreme simplicity of skirts commences to be very trying to all but the finely formed. The young manage to come out of the ordeal remarkably well, but ladies of forty and upwards are hardly as happy, unless they retain an unusual slimness. The skirt is rendered yet more difficult to wear by the introduction of circular trimmings—bands of trimmings forming rings round the skirt. This is fatal to all but the very tall, who desire to lessen a little of their apparent height. Passementerie is arranged in horizontal lines, also lace or bands of ribbon.

Another item of wearing apparel, only suitable for those formed to perfection, is the corsage front cut on the bias, totally without seams. The seams under the arms, on the shoulders, and light gauging below the waist give the shape, the material stretching, where required to mold the bust, like a glove. The corsage fastens under the arms and on the left shoulder. With this corsage (totally trimmed) is worn a tight skirt with short train, also cut on the cross and untrimmed.

A great many belts are worn, especially belts of metal ribbons. At weddings and at reception dresses velvet roses are worn, made perfectly light and plain, the sole ornament a band of metal braid round the waist. This is more curious than graceful. The tight dress is more elegant of princess cut or with basque corsage.

With the plain dress, the thick ruche at the edge of course plays a great part. It is however, reserved principally for silk dresses, and is itself made of silk or velvet. Very beautiful tight dresses are being made of peau-de-soie and similar silks, trimmed with ruche at the edge. The front of the skirt is absolutely plain, with only a slight fulness at the waist, where the material is secured into a band. All figures cannot support such a simplicity, and it is therefore permissible to introduce a little drapery, to break the severe lines, by crossing the front breadths slightly pleated and draped, and by allowing extra length for a few blouse pleats. The skirt fits over the hips like a glove, and falls in deep pleats at the back. The pleats are not now arranged in deep fluted folds, but are more like fan pleats turned underneath. In a word, every means is taken to give a toilette the flattest aspect possible.

Therefore great attention has to be paid to the petticoat, so that it may not spoil the effect the couturiere is at such pains to secure. They cling to the body and legs, all superfluous fulness being drawn to the back and pleated as flatly as possible. Many are crenelated at the edge, beneath the crenelations being sewn an accordion flounce of black or white lace.

The fashion of making the sleeves of the material used as the trimming of the toilette is dying out. In all the best assemblies ladies now wear sleeves of the corsage material. Happily the first style never had a long duration, though it is constantly cropping up. It spoils the figure, gives an appearance of narrow shoulders and weak chest, and emphasizes where the sleeve encroaches on the corsage.

Pelerines and small wraps display much coquetterie. They are worn at weddings and for visiting, and are removed in the church or in the house, to be put on again when leaving. Great ingenuity and taste has been expended upon them. One exquisite example is composed of white ostrich feathers, the feathers arranged, tip downwards, in four rows, simulating a triple pelerine and revers collar. In front is a sort of tail or jabot, made of feathers, hanging some inches below the pelerine. It is tied with a white bow of moire.

Young girls of fifteen or sixteen, are most appropriately dressed in embroidered white lawn or muil gowns, made in simple styles, usually with a skirt of hemstitched or embroidered flouncing, and a plain waist with short Figaro jacket of embroidery, and completed by a wide sash of moire surah, or of deeply fringed grosgrain ribbon.

A gown of India muil has a full tucked skirt, and above the tucks a band of feather stitching, which also extends up the sides of the front to the waist line. A narrow apron is made of accordian plaiting, finished with a shirred ruffle at the hem. The edges of these fronts are finished with wide bands of the material.

The waist has a plaited yoke, is plain at the sides, and laid in folds from the yoke to the belt. The sleeves are in plaits and finished with plaited ruffles, and bands set on in points; similar pointing finishes the edge of the yoke; the collar is of plaiting. Wide sash of surah.

Another in fine veiling is an accordian plaite with galloon just above the hem; the galloon is plaited in with the skirt. The waist is made of similar plaitings, with a vest of cross folds of the material. Very full sleeves plaited in on the outside of the arm. Collar and cuffs edged with narrow embroidery.

A very handsome gown of surah has a straight skirt with very narrow tucks, and band of galloon at the hem. Pointed yoke with half loose body, finished with galloon the body so arranged as to have the effect of a guimpe.

Straight collar of galloon; sleeves in very full puffs at the shoulders, with bands of galloon below the puffs, and perfectly plain below, with buttons in the inner seams. Very wide belt of the material with space through which a wide sash of surah is passed.

The materials used in the making of confirmation gowns are about the same as those of commencement dresses, but rather plainer in the make up.

A lovely confirmation gown of crepe de chine and embroidery had a plain full skirt with tucks above the hem; waist in very narrow plaits, with bands of embroidery from shoulders to waist line. Shorter bands outline the yoke, full sleeves, with straight cuffs finished with embroidery, cap and veil of muil.

Another of India muil had a straight skirt with tucks. Waist with plaited yoke and full gathered body; full sleeves; collar and cuffs finished with feather stitching or very narrow guimpe; pocket of silk at the side; cap and veil of muil.

An exquisite confirmation gown of surah had a plain straight skirt with deep hem; square yoke, with the body portion of waist shirred into the yoke and a belt; straight collar, very full sleeves with shirred caps. Cap of surah and veil of tulle.

Navy blue or brown flannel in short plaited skirts and plain blouses are the the thing for camping out in the woods.

Tuscan yellow straw passementerie bands trim some of the silk and etamine toilets from Parisian work rooms.

Crownless hats have the trimmings arranged to cover the crown sufficiently to conceal the top of the head.

Amethyst and pink roses look well when artistically combined, although a parody upon nature.

An odd ear-ring, old-fashioned brooch or jewelled button is often set in the top of a smelling bottle.

Toques of straw braid sewed on a frame are more stylish than those of solid straw.

Satin back velvet ribbon is a rage for large rosettes called chou.

Frosted surahs are in fancy plaid, with a sheen-like frosting over them.

A black surah coat for a girl of of 4 years is feather stitched with yellow.

Straw lace is fragile and costly, but striking on black silk costumes.

Wash surahs in gingham effects are for blouses and children's suits.

Castor shades of gloves are worn with the fashionable striped cheviot.

White crepe parasols have a vandyke of gold braid on each gore.

Lace, tinsel and silk muslin butterflies appear everywhere.

Soft caps are worn on sea voyages instead of toques.

Thin taffeta silk is used for lining nice dresses.

Silver galloon is much used on gray bonnets.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Anchovy Toast.—Mix the hard boiled yelks of two eggs with sufficient anchovy paste to color and flavor them; rub it all through a sieve on to hot buttered toast and serve.

Chestnuts with Chocolate.—Melt a cake of the best French chocolate in a saucepan with a little water; beat up the white of three egg with the mixture, and add one pound of chestnuts boiled and pulped. Mix well together, and when cold shape into bonbons; bake lightly and serve.

Fried Celery.—Cut the white pieces of celery into lengths about four inches long; dust them with salt and pepper; dip them in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry quickly in smoking hot fat. Drain on paper and serve very hot. This is especially nice served with boiled fowl or turkey.

Little Pigs in Blankets.—Drain some oysters and season them with salt and pepper; cut some fat bacon into thin slices and wrap an oyster in each slice, fastening it with a wooden skewer. The frying pan must be heated well before the "little pigs" are put in, and they must be cooked long enough for the bacon to crisp. Serve immediately on toast cut into small pieces.

Wild Ducks.—Draw and clean the ducks, wash in salted water, wipe dry, and place a slice of lemon inside, and let it remain for an hour or two; then remove it, and sprinkle salt and pepper inside; add one small onion and some prepared dressing. Sew them up and skewer the legs and wings in place, dredge the outside with salt, pepper, and flour; roast in a quick oven twenty minutes if liked rare, and forty if preferred well done. Place on a warm platter, squeeze orange juice over them, and garnish with parsley.

To Fill Oranges with Jelly.—Cut a small round piece of the skin from the stem end of the orange, then with the finger loosen the pulp from the skin, and gradually work the finger between the skin and the pulp until it is entirely loosened. Now draw the pulp out through the opening without breaking the skin. Throw the skin into cold water until wanted. Have ready an orange or wine jelly, drain the orange skins, fill them with the jelly and put away to cool. When cool, cut them into halves and then into quarters, and arrange them on a dish.

Fillets of Plaice Fried.—Split the fish, remove the back bone, trim off the fins, so as to have two pieces perfectly free from bones; cut out as many fillets from each piece as can be out of a uniform size remove the black skin from each, and lay the fillets in a marinade made with equal quantities of oil and vinegar, seasoned with slices of onion, and a few cloves, whole pepper, plenty of salt, and some sprigs of parsley. Let them remain in this for three or four hours, then dip them in beaten up egg and carefully bread crumb them. Let them rest for an hour, and fry a golden color in plenty of boiling lard; or they may be fried in oil. Drain them well in front of the fire, and serve with fried parsley and cut lemon.

Mould of Mince Meat.—The remains of any cold meat, fowl or game may be used for this dish. Put together in a bowl one pound of minced meat of any sort, an onion chopped fine, a tablespoonful of fine breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, a teacupful of strong gravy. Stir all the ingredients together till they are thoroughly mixed, and let them stand half an hour. Rub a deep bowl with butter, and press the mixture well into it; cover it with a plate, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour. Turn it out carefully and serve it with any sauce that is liked. If made of mutton or any game, red currant jelley should be sent to table with it.

Coffee Cream.—Take a pint and a half of milk, boil it ten minutes, then throw into it three ounces of freshly-roasted whole coffe; cover it well, and keep it hot for an hour, when it should have the flavor of the coffee. Beat well the yelks of six eggs with three ounces of sugar, strain the milk to them, butter a mould well, pour in the mixture, stand the mould in a saucepan of hot water, stir the cream till it thickens—the water must be kept boiling, or it will not thicken—then stand the mould in cold water. Serve when cold turned out.

Irish Stew.—Take about two and a half pounds of the scrag end of a neck of mutton, cut the meat into neat pieces, and put it into a stewpan with a little dripping, season the meat with pepper and salt, and then add six or eight onions cut in small pieces. *Fry* the meat and onions for a quarter of an hour, taking care they do not become discolored; then add a very little flour, and cover with cold water or stock, and let the meat simmer gently for from one and a half to two hours. After it has cooked, say, an hour, the potatoes should be added. Some persons like them sliced, and others like them added whole; but that is a matter of taste. To make the dish look really nice, the potatoes should be trimmed and cut all the same size in olive shapes. The potatoes will take about half an hour to cook. If trimmed in olive shape about three dozen would be the number to add to the above quantity of meat. All the grease should be skimmed off the top of the stew before it is properly served, and the meat should be arranged in a pile in the centre of the dish, and the potatoes and onions placed around it, and the gravy poured round as well. If a little very finely-chopped parsley is sprinkled over the potatoes, it adds to the appearance of the dish.

Barley Scones.—Take a sufficient quantity of barley meal, add a little salt, and mix with as much hot milk as will make a thick paste; roll out thin and cut into three cornered pieces. Bake in a quick oven. They should be split and buttered and eaten hot.

Little things that tell—Small brothers.

Confidential Correspondents.

ETHEL.—St. Valentine was a priest of Rome, where he was martyred in the third century.

CLOTHING.—Write with a solution of muriate of cobalt, and the writing, when dry, will not be perceptible, but if held towards the fire it will then gradually become visible.

SHANDON BELLS.—Horns are polished with whiting and the ashes of burnt willow wood. To get a good surface on the skull of your antlers you should file it and then scrape it.

LOYAL.—George I.'s mother was King James' (son of Mary Queen of Scots) grand-daughter. It is on this connection with the Stuart family that the title of the House of Hanover to the English crown rests.

MOSES.—If you are walking with a male friend, and he passes a lady of his acquaintance, you certainly ought to raise your hat slightly, although you don't know her. But if you met her alone afterwards, you would have no right to raise your hat to her, unless you had meanwhile been introduced to her.

ANXIOUS.—1. If a gentleman and two ladies are walking along on the footpath, should the man walk on the outside? 2. If a gentleman and lady are walking together and come to a very narrow place, should the former fall a little behind? 1. As a rule in such cases the gentleman should take the outside. 2. Yes.

INQUIRER.—The saying, "It was neither rhyme nor reason, originated with Sir Thomas More, who advised an author, who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." This being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yes, marry, for now is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

DON QUIXOTE.—As to the meaning of the following Spanish titles, a "Hidalgo" is a nobleman of the lowest class, as a knight is elsewhere; "Don" was formerly bestowed on noblemen and gentleman only, but is now common to all classes; and a "Grandee" is a nobleman of the first class, as a marquis or a duke.

AGABUS.—Try turpentine or benzine for the removal of the oil stain; if you use the latter, rub lightly and in a circular direction, wetting the outer edge first to prevent the mark spreading. It is not cert in that anything you use will succeed; it depends upon the nature of the "proofing" material. After treatment, expose the garment to fresh air for several hours.

DELPHINE.—The origin of "I have a bone to pick with you" comes from Sicily. There, when an unpleasant subject was to be discussed, a fowl was first eaten, and, while the bones were picked, the matter was argued. At the marriage banquets of the poor, the bride's father handed the bridegroom a bone after the meal was over, saying, "Pick this bone, for you have taken in hand a much harder task."

P. T. R.—1. As a general rule the color of the skin decides the character of the complexion. If a person has a fair skin, the color of the hair has no thing to do with deciding it. If the complexion is fair they are light; if dark they are dark "completed." 2. The laws of every State differ in matters of property and adopted children. The only safe way is to consult a lawyer. 3. You had best see a doctor.

LILY.—"Styes" of the eyelids are indications of a debilitated constitution. When once the lid begins to swell, warm fomentations should be used till the beat appears, which should be pricked with a needle or the point of a fine lancet. Quinine and iron, or, instead of medicine, a very liberal diet, should be employed to restore the state of the system. If the discharge of matter be profuse, poultices must be employed.

HOUSEWIFE.—To clean alabaster, soap well and wash with hot water. If stained, apply fuller's earth, pipe clay, or whiting, for three or four hours, and then wash off. If very dirty and stained, first wash with aquafortis diluted with water. Or take ground pumice stone of the finest quality, and mix it up with verjuice. Let stand for two hours; then dip a sponge in the mixture and rub the alabaster with it. Wash with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry with a clean linen rags. Any kind of marble may be cleaned in the same way.

AFRICA R.—At present the Congo Free State is the centre of interest, whence Mr. Stanley started 1887 for the relief of Emin. Mr. Selous has been pursuing his travels to the south of the Zambesi near Lake Nyasa; a body of Europeans are carrying on their civilizing mission under the greatest of difficulties; the Germans have sent out exploring-parties in their new colonies of Togoland and the Cameroons; and in East Africa Britons and Germans are both widening their spheres of operations; while the French are gradually exploring the interior between the coast of Senegal and the upper waters of the Niger, and also extending their knowledge of what is now called the French Congo.

B. X.—This correspondent wishes to know the language of rings. He would like to visit a certain young lady, but his timidity makes him hesitate. One day she smilingly displayed to him a cameo ring on her third finger. "Did she mean by this to give me encouragement or the opposite?" he asks'—The language of rings is this according to Madame de la Tour:—A ring worn on the forefinger says, "I am not engaged, but willing to marry;" worn on the long finger, it indicates a conceited, silly person; on the third or marriage finger, it means a love and affection; on the little finger it says, "I want a friend, but no lover." As to the young lady showing you her ring, she may have meant nothing by such an act but an innocent bit of coquetry.

MARY R.—We can easily see that your education has not been very well cared for, and we think you are right in desiring to read widely. A general course of reading we should never prescribe; we like to name particular books for individuals. Your work has been very elementary, and you may start with the simplest of books. Fiction will be your mainstay, for you cannot possibly do any serious study in a sick-room; and, moreover, serious study is precisely what you do not need. If you read attentively, you will gradually get over the fault of bad spelling which at present besets you. Never mind text-books; amuse yourself, and you need not very much care for anything further. When we see that a girl can do herself good by hard study, we do not fail to recommend it; but a sick nurse who engaged in severe mental work would probably close her career in an asylum.